

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A History of China, from the earliest Records to the Treaty with Great Britain in 1842. By THOMAS THORNTON, Esq. In 2 vols. Volume the First. London, 1844. Allen and Co.

MR. THORNTON evidently writes History as rapidly as JAMES writes Novels. China has but recently attracted English curiosity, and already are we presented with its History. That which used to be the work of a life is now the amusement of the leisure hours of one winter. But being composed to supply a demand for some information on the subject, we ought to be grateful for such as we can obtain, especially as it is really better than, under the circumstances, could have been expected.

Of course, a work so rapidly wrought cannot aspire to the higher qualifications of History. It can hope only for temporary popularity, because it can do no more than afford a glance at the revolutions of the country in which recent events have given us so deep an interest. But until some historian shall take up the subject with intent to devote to it the labours of a life, we must be satisfied with such a compilation as Mr. THORNTON has been able to throw together with very workmanlike and book-making skill, and that is in its way a faculty for which he deserves some credit.

Although, therefore, this is called a History, it would be unfair to apply to it the stern scrutiny of criticism. Viewing it, as the author intended it to be, as a popular narrative of events which have not yet been sifted with a view to sever fact from fable, Mr. THORNTON's work may be pronounced a very pleasing one, and certainly the best extant upon the subject of which it treats.

His sources of information were almost entirely Chinese authorities. If hence he enjoys the advantage of originality, it must be remembered that he is also exposed to a serious danger proceeding from the implicit confidence which he is obliged to repose in those authorities, and the still larger probability of mistake during the process of translation from a language which few Europeans have mastered. How far Mr. THORNTON was competent safely to render Chinese records into the English tongue, the home reader has no means of judging. But we deem it right to start the doubt, that the student may understand the conditions with which the statements of this compilation are to be received.

It is well known that the annals of China profess to go back some thousands of years further than our own. Hence Europeans have been wont to discredit them. But Mr. THORNTON is of opinion that they have been too hastily rejected. He justly remarks—

"It may be proper, therefore, to devote a few observations to an important preliminary consideration—namely, the authenticity of the Chinese annals. It is evident that, until a reader can be inspired with confidence in their fidelity, and be convinced that he is not wasting his attention upon a grave romance, it is vain to expect that his sympathy can be awakened or his curiosity fixed. On the other hand, his interest will be deeply excited if he can be assured that the early chronicles of a large family of mankind have escaped that oblivion which has absorbed the genuine annals of every other branch of the human race, save those preserved in Holy Writ, and that the stream of Chinese history may be traced upwards until it is undistinguishable in the gulf of high antiquity."

His reasons for putting faith in them are the concurrence of the whole people in the belief of their veracity; their intrinsic consistency and probability; their harmony with contemporary events, as eclipses and planetary motions, in which the records square with the fact as ascertained by astronomical science; their coins and relics of antiquity; and, lastly, the corroborative history of which he gives some curious instances.

VOL. II. No. 16.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I. No. 2.

"Amongst the facts which corroborate the annals of China, may be reckoned, first, its chronology, constructed upon a plan which, unless it be indeed a 'gross imposture,' demonstrates the existence of the Chinese nation and of the national records so far back as B.C. 2697. It may be said that this date carries the annals of China beyond the Deluge; but, although Ussher has placed that great event B.C. 2348, its epoch, as well as the Mundane era, is extremely uncertain. The Septuagint text fixes the General Flood at B.C. 3246, and the 'Art de Verifier les Dates' at B.C. 3308, more than 900 years earlier than Ussher. The medium is B.C. 2967. Their historical chronology is, however, acknowledged by the Chinese to be uncertain till B.C. 841, after which it is exact; and this distinction itself is favourable to the conclusion of its genuineness, since it would have been as easy to make the antecedent as the subsequent portion consistent. The foundation of much European prejudice, in the popular mind especially, against the claims of the Chinese nation to antiquity, may be traced to the very common misapprehension that their chronology is inconsistent with the Mosaic, and adopts the monstrous eras of the Hindus. The received chronology of the Chinese is, on the contrary, not only not incompatible with that of the Bible, but coincident with it to the extent to which a correspondence might reasonably be expected at such remote periods. Thus, the records of the Hea dynasty (B.C. 2205) bear unequivocal testimony to a deluge, too vast and extensive to have been local, which had at some prior date covered the face of nature, its effects being still apparent, for the labours of the ancient monarch Yu and his immediate successors seemed to have been consumed in recovering the land from the flood in which it was submerged, and in restoring the great rivers to the beds which they had been forced by some mighty cataclysm to desert."

From a review of all these arguments, he concludes that, though the Chinese annals are not, perhaps, to be implicitly trusted, they are still less to be summarily rejected.

Only the first volume of this history has yet issued from the press, and therefore we shall now do no more than is necessary to introduce it to the reader, reserving a fuller notice for the time when it shall be before us in its completed form. This volume opens with an interesting essay on the origin of the people and the geography of the country. Their chronology is next treated of, and is properly divided under the heads of the mythological, the semi-historical, and the historical periods. Commencing with the latter, the author traces the various dynasties down to the year 420 B.C.; and these are rendered amusing by the introduction of biographies and anecdotes of the most eminent of the monarchs, and accounts of the manners, customs, domestic life, government, and religion of the people. We cannot close this notice without recommending the work to the book-club and library, and backing the recommendation with a specimen from the memoir of

CONFUCIUS.

"The religious opinions of this great man have been assailed by well-meaning persons in Europe, who have precipitately taxed him at different times with atheism and pantheism; but he cannot be justly chargeable with either. His biographers mention that he rarely, and with some reluctance, spoke of the Deity, of spiritual beings, and of futurity; a caution which deserves commendation rather than reproach. One of the commentators on the Lun-yu assigns this reason: 'To converse about the Deity, although not wrong in itself, might yet cause doubts to arise in the mind; for as his nature and ways are deep and mysterious, it is not easy to discourse clearly respecting them.' Another commentator says that, 'as future events are concealed by an impenetrable veil, we ought to be silent respecting them, and attend to our social duties, considering that the Deity will surely punish our infractions of human laws. Hence,' he adds, 'Confucius spoke rarely of him, wishing that men should find good motives of action in themselves,' that is, independently of future accountability. But it is impossible to read some passages of the preceding biography without being convinced that the philosopher had notions of the Deity, of the soul, and of a future existence, not only more just than any untaught by Divine Revelation, but which, in their outline, scarcely differ from our own. A comparison of the sentiments of Confucius with those recorded in Plato's 'Phædon,' will shew how far they excel, in precision and rationality, the notions of the most enlightened of the Greek philosophers upon these points. 'Europeans,' observes a native Chinese Christian, 'who complain that Confucius had not spoken sufficiently of the Deity and of the mode of worshipping him, should recollect that the Yo-king has been totally lost; that the

Shè-king and Yih-king are full of praises of the Deity; and that although the Shoo-king is entirely historical, there is not a page of it in which events are not ascribed to the omnipotence, the justice, the providence, the wisdom, the goodness, or some other attribute of the Almighty. The Shoo-king embodies the following definition of the Shang-te:—"He is the creator of all things that exist; he is independent and omnipotent; he knows all things, even the most hidden secrets of the heart; he watches over the motions of the whole universe, wherein nothing happens but by his ordinance; he is holy; his justice is without limit; he inflicts signal punishment on the wicked, not sparing even kings, whom he deposes in his wrath; public calamities are the warnings he gives to mankind to reform their manners, which is the surest means of appeasing his indignation." It is mentioned in the 'Lun-yu,' that the philosopher, in his last sickness, was advised by Tsze-loo to supplicate the Deity; upon which he replied, 'Kew (that is, himself) has done this a long time.'

"That Confucius believed, or professed to believe, in the existence of super-mundane beings, subordinate to the Deity, is most true; and so do all Christians. But the broad distinction between the Confucian and the Taoist sects is, that the latter regard the *shin* and the *kwei* as superior, the former as subordinate agents. In sacrificing to them, he merely complied with a practice prescribed by the ancients, apparently considering this appendage to the worship of the Shang-te as harmless in itself, and that an attempt to disturb the established faith, or to impair the veneration paid to ancient maxims, might lead to injurious consequences. Thus we are told that, when his disciple Tsze-kung objected to certain sacrifices called *yung*, on the return of the year, Confucius replied that the abolition of an ancient rite might bring religion into disrepute."

We repeat, that formal criticism and fuller details must be reserved until the entire history shall justify them.

BIOGRAPHY.

Our Actresses; or Glances at Stage Favourites, past and present. By Mrs. C. BARON WILSON, author of "Memoirs of M. G. Lewis," and the "Life of the Duchess of St. Albans." London, 1844. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OUR ACTRESSES! There's magic in the sound! It recalls those halcyon days, when, after a hasty dinner at The Salopian, we hurried to the pit entrance, one, two, nay, sometimes even three hours before the doors opened, to see the stately Siddons in *Volumnia*, or the sprightly Davison in *Lady Teazle*. Here, wedged in among the crowd, our money ready in our hands—now pushed this way, now that—pressed forward at one time, retrograding at another—the fat lady in front coming with her full weight on our toes, while the streamers on her bonnet tickled our nose without the possibility of our putting up our hands to prevent it. Here, we say, have we patiently stood until, the doors opening, we have been shot like a pipin in a mill-stream to the pay-place, where, having succeeded, at the risk of dislocating an arm, in obtaining a check, we have rushed with a shout of triumph to our places! Oh! how we luxuriated in the sedentary ease acquired by so much toil! With what perfect contentment did we look leisurely around, watching party after party assuming their seats, with real or affected indifference, in the dress-circle! How we pitied them; yes, *pitied* them, we repeat. They had not fought—they had not struggled—they had merely walked into the places reserved for them, without molestation or hindrance. Contemptible!

Yes, these were the palmy days of the drama! Fashion had not deserted the dress-boxes to lurk behind lattices, and see Shakespeare by stealth; nor were the Opera House and French Theatre the only spectacles a gentleman could openly enjoy without running risk of losing caste. In a word, it was not the age of vaudeville and tweedle-dee.

Turning dinners into bad suppers is,* no doubt, one

* Theodore Hook, on entering the Duke of Beaufort's *salle à manger* in Arlington-street, at nine o'clock, found he had lost his fish. "Well!" exclaimed Theodore, "I thought it was impossible to be late at this house."

of the principal causes of the desertion of the national theatre by the upper classes. That we have become a musical people to a very considerable extent, is another. But there is a third cause, which has contributed in a great degree to this undesirable result. On the rebuilding of Covent Garden theatre, the entire second circle was laid out into private boxes, which the O.P.'s compelled the management to open to the public. Had this not been insisted upon, there is strong reason to suppose the aristocracy would not have deserted the theatre so decidedly as they have done. But had this even been the case, the wealthy classes immediately below them would eagerly have availed themselves of the privilege of taking their families to the theatre, secure from those intolerable annoyances to which, strange to say, they are still subject, even in the dress-boxes, under the present system, and which the most sturdy anti-monopolist will not deny constitute a greater evil than any likely to have arisen under the new arrangement. Truly those gentlemen who, under the influence of bad port and worse patriotism, undertook the conservation of the public interests at the Crown and Anchor, have much to answer for!

Mrs. WILSON has executed her task with great adroitness. She has happily hit off the characteristics of our most popular actresses—setting forth their estimable qualities in private life, vindicating them when maligned, but touching as lightly on their foibles and frailties as she consistently could. God forbid she or any other writer should do otherwise! The world is a harsh censor, and never more so than when sitting in judgment on the conduct of actresses, whose beauty, talents, and position render them more liable to temptation—and what is still worse, detraction—than any other class of females.

Let it not be supposed we are apologists for bold, unblushing profligacy. We cordially agree with Mrs. WILSON, in her preface, that where such black sheep exist, the whole flock should unite to turn them out of the fold. We have long been astonished this has not been done. That, and closing the lobbies, we feel persuaded, would do more to restore the fortunes of the drama and bring respectable people to the theatre than any other course. In saying this, we know we have Mr. Macready with us. This gentleman—and he is a gentleman, in spite of his faults and foibles—is a decided discourager of all indecorum and laxity of morals. He, no doubt, sees there is no reason why such should exist in the theatrical, more than in any other profession; and that a profligate man, or profligate woman, should be no more tolerated on the stage than they would be in any other calling. In this particular the stage is clearly behind the age. Still, "our Actresses" are more obnoxious to calumny than any other portion of their sex. No manikin scruples to speak lightly of "an actress," or give currency to a report vitally affecting her reputation. True, or not true, he cares not; he has heard it—from one, perhaps, who invented it—and he repeats it; and the actress must put up with the consequences, and bear the obloquy as she can. We have ourselves heard every possible vice attributed to more than one of our most popular actresses, including forgery under very aggravating circumstances; but we never, except in a very few instances, could trace out any reasonable grounds for such reports. It is by no means uncommon for chorus-singers, and third and fourth-rate performers, to take advantage of some personal resemblance or identity of name, and pass themselves off for some distinguished favourite, where they think they can do so without discovery, in which cases the odium of their disreputable practices generally attaches itself to their prototypes. As a remarkable instance of this, we extract the following:—

"A gentleman, connected with Drury-lane, was present at a dinner-party, in which was also a young and loquacious gen-

tleman, who, after the wine had freely circulated, began to boast in common style of his great success with the fair sex; and among others of less note, mentioned the name of Vestris, as being his most intimate *chère amie*.

"A word or two, which had escaped from the popinjay, convinced the Drury-lane gentleman that no such intimacy existed between the parties; and upon his hint to that effect, the boaster offered to back his veracity by a bet of a champagne dinner to the assembled party. The wager was taken by another gentleman. The boaster was to introduce any one of the party to the supposed Vestris as his friend, and that person was to pronounce who was the winner. This was to be decided the next day at noon, and the gentleman of Drury agreed to be umpire. They went at the appointed hour, and as they were passing down Clarges-street, Piccadilly, the Drury gentleman was somewhat amazed when his companion knocked at a door there, for he was aware Vestris lived in that street, although the number was unknown to him. They entered a well-furnished front parlour, where they found arrayed all the usual paraphernalia of a practising singer, pianoforte open, and on the music-stand lay the scores of two operas in which Vestris was then popular, *The Haunted Tower* and *The Siege of Belgrade*, and beside them was the theatrical messenger's (old Mr. West's) call, or summons, to a rehearsal of some past day; the call, however, bore no name, for it had been torn off; and on a table lay a small pile of address-cards, on which was engraved '*Madame Vestris*.' The popinjay threw himself on a sofa, and appeared quite at home.

"Word had been sent by the servant who admitted them, that the friend, if allowed, wished to introduce his *cousin from Cambridge*. Presently, from the folding-doors of the back apartment, entered a simpering lady. The gentleman of Drury had purposely placed himself with his back towards the door; but, suddenly turning on the lady, discovered, not the beautiful Madame V—, but a girl who had been one of the extra-chorus singers on the Drury-lane boards, but whom Mr. Elliston had thought it better, for the reputation of his establishment, to give leave to resign."

Poor Power suffered continual annoyance from the disreputable conduct of a provincial actor of the same name. He was frequently called upon to pay debts he had never contracted, and support children of whose existence he was ignorant—equivokes, not quite so pleasing as those he was accustomed to on the stage.

It is impossible to read the notice of that admirable and most deserving actress, Mrs. Glover, without becoming strongly interested in her welfare, or feeling the deepest indignation and abhorrence at the heartless unprincipled conduct of that idle, useless scoundrel, her husband, who hung upon her through life, paralyzing her exertions, and robbing her of her hard-earned gains to squander them on his mistress. Can we wonder at her exclaiming, when she heard of the death of Monsieur Vestris, "Bless me! how fortunate some people are?"

Mrs. Nisbett, like Mrs. Glover, appears to have been forced on the stage prematurely by the necessities of her father, having made her *début* at the Lyceum at the tender age of eleven, in the part of *Jane Shore*. We remember seeing her attempt this character (previous, we presume, to her appearance in public) at the private theatre in Berwick-street. She was then a wiry little thing, with a pinched-up nose, giving no promise whatever of ever expanding into the glorious creature she now is. She went through her part, however, wonderfully, considering all circumstances. We would fain whisper a word of advice into the ear of this charming actress—"Do not laugh when you have said a smart thing, leave that to the audience." This propensity marred, in a great measure, the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from Mrs. Nisbett's performance of *Lady Teazle*.

Mrs. Warner was also compelled at an early age, to contribute to the support of a father, who, with common prudence, might have accumulated a competence. Old Huddart possessed great requisites for his art. His

provincial engagements at one time yielded him 800*l.* a year, but alas!—

"He put an enemy into his mouth

Which stole away his brains,"

until the habit sunk him into a stroller.

The account of Helen Faucit's *début* is interesting:—

"As the evening appointed for her first appearance before a London audience drew near, Miss Helen Faucit's mind was distressingly harassed by anxieties and misgivings that pressed heavily on her spirit. It frequently happens, that the very simplicity with which genius demonstrates its power excites at first distrust in the possessor.

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"The eventful night arrived. The announcement of a new actress in the part of *Julia* (the play was *The Hunchback*), had attracted a crowded audience. Before the curtain rose every seat was occupied; amidst that dense crowd was gathered together no friendly knot of admirers; the presence of a single *claqueur* had been strictly prohibited. One personal well-wisher, however, determined to witness the trial and its event.

"To assist the failing sight of age it was arranged that this gentleman should occupy a raised seat in the orchestra. Attached to the *débutante* with that idolizing affection which the old peculiarly cherish to those in whose generous ardour their own youth returns, we may believe that his heart vibrated every string, and thrilled to every note of the band, from the preliminary dissonance of tuning to the concluding crash of the overture. To him all persons and things seemed magnified beyond their usual proportions; all connected with the scene was great, but the greatest was behind."

The Hunchback commences. At length *Julia* enters,—the *débutante* receives the usual cordial welcome—the plaudits cease—a breathless silence ensues:—

"Every ear is strained. The lady's voice may be *sweet*, but cannot be *powerful*. Those nearest the stage can by no effort collect an unbroken line. The eyes of the actress are riveted on the boards. She moves as if in a dream. The curtain falls on the first act, and the measure and applause of *kindness*—not admiration—follows.

"The curtain rises again. The scene proceeds, but *no point is made*. The interest of the pit begins to relax; whispering comments and wandering eyes succeed to the late hushed stillness. As for the actress herself, a thousand confused voices ring in her ears. Her lips mechanically repeat the words. Piles of inauspicious faces flit upwards and downwards before her eyes; the very stage seems to recede from her feet. She is distinctly conscious of one thing only—*failure*—sad, bitter *failure*—wrecking the secret hope of years; and her heart whispered, were not 'her advisers right?'

"No! there was one, and he present, who thought otherwise. In an instant her glance followed where her thought pointed, and in the orchestra she recognized that dearest, oldest friend, with his white head, and fixed, but streaming eye. To use her own words, 'That white head seemed to fill the theatre;' and those tears appealed to her more powerfully than the loudest adjuration. 'I WILL NOT FAIL!' resolved the actress. Pale she sat, with compressed lip and hand, summoning back thought and energy, but the next lines she delivered were welcomed with hearty and general applause. Hope sustained what affection had begun. From that moment her performance was a series of culminating triumphs."

The following ludicrous anecdote is told of the late Mr. Morris, proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, who had a cause coming on in the Court of Chancery—by no means an unusual thing with a man of Morris's litigious spirit:—

"A day had at length been fixed for judgment. Mr. Morris was in court, evidently labouring under a nervous affection, vulgarly called 'the fidgets.' Now, it unfortunately happened that there were *two* suitors of the name of Morris to be heard that day; but this circumstance was unknown to the little Haymarket manager, who was in the habit of speaking in court with his counsel and solicitor, in reference to the cause which occasioned him so much anxiety. The officer of the court, as in duty bound, announced, in a fine sonorous voice, '*Ex parte Morris*.' 'Ah! that's me!' exclaimed the fidgety little ma-

nager, jumping from his seat; when to his horror he heard, not his own, but another counsellor exclaim—"My lord, this is a poor lunatic, now under your lordship's protection." "What!" cried the astonished Morris: "Oh, no! that's not me!" and sunk down on his seat, when his solicitor explained, and the Court was convulsed with laughter, which was shared in by even the sedate Lord Eldon himself."

Mrs. WILSON falls into the common error of supposing actors incompetent judges of what will succeed with an audience. Surely this is denying them common sense and common tact. What! Is the stage the only calling in which experience is of no avail? Is the judgment of such *artistes* as Webster, Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Macready nothing worth? Does not Buckstone—nay, even Knowles—owe much of their success as writers to their knowledge as actors? O'Keefe was so sensible of this, that he generally gave actors in his pieces a *carte blanche* to make what objections and suggestions they pleased. Schiller, too, listened with great attention to the opinions of managers and actors, and the result shewed that the highest genius may derive valuable assistance from practical men. The truth is, it is impossible to calculate with certainty what will or what will not please an audience. A joke or an incident, which draws down thunders of applause one night, will fall dead the next,* or perhaps be received with disapprobation. But in the long run the judgment of the performers will prove correct.

We can recommend these volumes. They are frequently interesting—always amusing, though somewhat abounding in what little Keeley calls "*Joes*." Pages 75, 76, 77, and 78, Vol. ii. are glaring instances of this. It is no compliment to say, we would rather read the fair author's own sprightly runnings than yawn over the fiftieth edition of Hill's epigrams or Sheridan's *bon mots*.

Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

He obtained great reputation by an achievement at Durham, which he thus records:—

"An issue had been directed out of the Court of Exchequer to be tried at Durham upon a question of very great importance to coalowners. 'We had,' said Lord Eldon to Mr. Farrer, 'a consultation at Durham, at which were present most of the leaders of the Northern Circuit,—Jack Lee, Tom Davenport, and others. After we had had a good deal of discussion, Lee said, 'Scott, you must lead this to-morrow,' and, the other counsel assenting, I agreed to do so. * * * * * Next morning we went into court. We had a special jury of gentlemen of the county, most intelligent men, well acquainted with coal and collieries. Buller, who was trying the issue, when I rose to reply after the defendant's case was closed, said to me, 'Mr. Scott, you are not going to waste the time of the Court and of the jury by replying? You have not a leg to stand upon.' Now, this was very awkward: a young man, and the judge speaking so decidedly. However, I said, 'My lord, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, I would sit down upon hearing the judge so express himself; but so persuaded am I that I have the right on my side that I must entreat your lordship to allow me to reply, and I must also express my expectation of gaining the verdict.' Well, I did reply, and the jury retired, and after consulting six or eight hours they returned and actually gave the verdict in my favour. When I went to the ball that evening I was received with open arms by every one. Oh, my fame was established. I really think I might have married half the pretty girls in the room that night. Never was man so courted. * * * * * This cause raised me aloft.'"

He tells a capital story of the famous

JEMMY BOSWELL.

"At an assizes at Lancaster we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement, inebriated.

* Liston, who, like Edwin, took great liberties with his audience, finding this the case one evening, at the Haymarket, said to the pittites, "What, you don't like it to-night, eh?"

We subscribed at supper a guinea for him, and half-a-crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for, what we denominated, the writ of "*Quare adhesit pavimento*," with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books that might enable him to distinguish himself, but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations of the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ; what can it be that adheres *pavimento*? Are any of you, gentlemen at the bar, able to explain this?" The bar laughed. At last one of them said, "My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhesit pavimento*." There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

Excellent, also, is this of

LAWYER FAWCETT.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine: mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.' 'Not I,' said Davenport; 'leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee—that won't do.' 'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? Who else is employed?' Davenport—"Oh! young Scott." Lee—"Oh, he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening." This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be. "I cannot consult to-night,—I must go to bed," he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: "We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth," shouted Davenport, "don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? It is impossible to consult." Poor me, who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine, I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial, and I must say, for the honour of the bar, that these two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they *did*. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on the following year the judge rose and said, "Gentlemen, did any of you dine with lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for if you did I will not hear this cause till next year." There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

In 1783 he received an unsolicited offer of a silk gown. He accepted it on the Wednesday. On the following day he found that Erskine and Piggott, both his juniors, were to be sworn in on Friday, whilst he was postponed to Saturday. He instantly refused to accept promotion, unless in accordance with his professional rank. His firmness was successful, and he kept his position, and thus in seven years, and at the early age of thirty-two, he was in the foremost rank of the Profession. He was now offered by Lord Thurlow a seat in Parliament for the borough of Weobley, for which he was elected in June 1783.

Mr. SCOTT delivered his maiden speech on the 20th of November 1783, on the subject of Fox's India Bill, and it is a singular coincidence that the same occasion produced the maiden speech of Erskine. It was a stupid affair, but excused by the good temper of the House on the plea of inexperience. In a few days he made another attempt on the third reading of the same Bill, and he crammed his oration with inappropriate quotations from the Revelations, Thucydides, and Shakespere! His biographer kindly says of this pedantic and dull affair, that it was "overrun with quotations and far-fetched allusions, neither suited to the taste of his auditors nor

congenial with the dry nature of the subject. His vocation," adds Mr. Twiss, "undoubtedly was not for rhetorical embellishments; and he evinced his judgment in forthwith deviating from this flighty style, and placing his reliance thenceforward on those more substantial faculties in which no man was his superior." It seems that Sheridan inflicted upon the young lawyer some of his most sarcastic wit for these unlucky speeches, and Scott writhed under the lash, but learned a lesson.

The fall of the Coalition ministry, the accession of Pitt, his conflict with a hostile majority in the Commons, make the reminiscences of the period very interesting. Each side ventured upon the most sweeping charges of corruption against the other, and no doubt each was right. A flash of Sheridan's wit on this occasion will amuse:—

JACK ROBINSON.

"During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said—'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it?' 'Name him! name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, Sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

It would seem that the wary lawyer so contrived to steer his course through this vital conflict of party as to be ready to side with the successful one, whichever it might be. He sometimes voted with Pitt, and sometimes against him, until it became apparent that victory was inclining to the Treasury benches, and then he gave him energetic support. He was not long in receiving his reward. On the 27th of June, 1788, he was promoted to the office of Solicitor-General. In 1790, on the dissolution of the Parliament, he was again returned for Weobley; but previously to this he had rendered essential service to the Government in the preparation and support of the measures rendered necessary by the insanity of the king. In the course of the debates that followed he greatly distinguished himself by his legal and constitutional knowledge. Before the Regency Bill had passed, the King's recovery was announced, and soon afterwards Sir John Scott received his Majesty's commands to wait upon him at Windsor.

"The command was of course obeyed. The King told him that he had no other business with him than to thank him for the affectionate fidelity with which he adhered to him when so many had deserted him in his malady."

In June 1792, his patron, Lord Thurlow, quarrelled with Mr. Pitt, and threw up the seals. Scott shewed something like greatness of mind when informed of this. He said to Mr. Pitt:

"My resolution is formed. I owe too great obligations to Lord Thurlow to reconcile it to myself to act in personal hostility to him, and I have too long and too conscientiously acted in political connection with you to join any party against you. Nothing is left for me but to resign my office as Solicitor-General, and to make my bow to the House of Commons."

The interference of Lord Thurlow himself prevented this sacrifice. His persuasions were most complimentary.—"Sooner or later," he said, "you must hold the great seal. I know no man but yourself qualified for its duties."

Lord Loughborough was appointed Thurlow's successor, and as a mortal hatred existed between these men, who had been rivals, Thurlow's mortification was extreme. In his coarse manner he once spoke thus of his rival:—

"On one occasion, when Lord Loughborough was speaking, with considerable effect, about a matter on which Lord Thurlow

had a strongly adverse opinion, but which he had not studied in sufficient detail to be prepared for refuting his ingenious opponent, Lord Thurlow, as he sat on the woolsack, was heard to mutter, 'If I was not as lazy as a toad at the bottom of a well, I could kick that fellow Loughborough heels over head any day in the week.'"

In 1793, Sir John Scott was appointed Attorney-General, and his unflagging industry and sound sense were very useful to the Government during the difficult times that followed. The revolutionary fever had spread from France, and it was resolved by the administration to employ the utmost powers of the law to suppress it. Sir John Scott was just the man to do such a work, for he had a cordial hatred of liberty, and like too many men who have risen, he was ready to oppress the class from which he rose, as if to satisfy the class he had joined that he had really passed out of one into the other; the same feeling that operates with a renegade to make him the worst of persecutors. A series of prosecutions were commenced. The grand jury of Middlesex had found a bill against a drunken attorney called John Frost, for saying that "he was for equality and no king." The affair was sufficiently absurd to have passed unnoticed; but the new Attorney-General was anxious to signalize himself in a war against liberalism, so he persisted in pushing the prosecution. He made a tame and wretched speech for the Crown, and was answered by Erskine in one of his brilliant efforts. A verdict of guilty was, however, obtained from a subservient jury. Just then he was delighted by the atrocious conviction of Muir, Palmer, and others in Scotland, and their still more atrocious punishment. Encouraged by these victories, he resolved to attack the Corresponding Society. On the 6th of October true bills for high treason were found against Hardy, Tooke, and others, and on Tuesday, the 28th of October, the trials by special commission were begun at the Old Bailey. The opening speech of Sir John Scott occupied nine hours, and was so heavy, dull, and tedious, so wanting in energy and spirit, so utterly without eloquence or ability of any kind, that the court, jury, and audience were thoroughly tired out.

The case for the prosecution occupied till the 1st of November. Erskine's defence will, as Tooke then observed, live for ever. The result is known to all. The prisoners were acquitted, and the Attorney-General was justly exposed to the hisses and groans of the people. The following is a curious anecdote of this troublous time:—

"He related to Mrs. Forster, and the *Law Magazine* of August 1838 gives the story a little more circumstantially, that at the close of one of the days of this long trial, as he was about to leave the court, Mr. Garrow said to him, 'Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table.' The man had a suspicious appearance, and had stationed himself for some time at the door with his hat pulled over his brows. 'Why not pass him?' asked Mr. Law. 'He has been here,' replied Mr. Garrow, 'during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney-General.' 'I will pass him,' said Mr. Law. 'And so will I,' said Sir John Scott. This was opposed by the counsel and others round about, who added, that there was a mob collecting, and that they did not think the Attorney-General's life would be safe. He answered, 'I tell you, gentlemen, I will not stay here; for, happen what may, the King's Attorney-General must not shew a white feather.' What followed was thus related by him to Mrs. Forster:—'I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me, till I came to Fleet-street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening, 'Down with him,'—'Now is the time, lads,'—'Do for him,'—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could, 'You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock

to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped." Upon this, one man shouted out, "Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads." And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat; and I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said, "Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over: good evening, sir." I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude. This stranger's interest in Sir John Scott's safety is accounted for in the *Law Magazine* of August 1838, where it appears that Sir John Scott had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father."

Such services could not be too liberally rewarded by the Government. Accordingly, on the death of Sir J. Eyre, in July 1799, Sir John Scott was promoted to the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with a peerage. He now took his seat in the House of Lords as Lord ELDON.

Such was the rapid rise of this singularly successful lawyer, who could boast no genius, and little more than strong common sense combined with unwearied industry. He made himself *useful*, and that is the secret of prosperity.

Mr. Twiss presents some extracts from his fee-book, which prove how exaggerated are the notions of a successful barrister's gains. It must be remembered that Scott was the most successful man of his day, and yet he netted but the following:—In 1785, 5,766 guineas; in 1786, 6,508 guineas; in 1787, 7,600*l.*; in 1788, 8,419*l.* In 1789 he was made Solicitor-General, and then his fee-book shewed 9,559*l.*; in 1790, 9,684*l.*; in 1791, 10,213*l.*; in 1792, 9,080*l.* In 1793 he was made Attorney-General, and then he netted 10,330*l.*; in 1794, 11,692*l.*; in 1795, 11,149*l.*; in 1796, 12,140*l.*; in 1797, 10,861*l.*; and in 1798, 10,557*l.*

Lord Eldon was tame and twaddling in the House of Lords, but as a judge he gave great satisfaction. On legal matters his mind was clear, and the rapid business of the Common Law Courts compelled him to more speed of thought than was agreeable to his hesitating nature. Mr. Twiss observes:—

"No scope was allowed to his only judicial imperfection—the tendency to hesitate. A common law judge, when he has to try causes at Nisi Prius, or indictments in a Crown Court, must sum up and state his opinion to the jury on the instant; and when he sits *in banc* with his brethren to decide questions of law, must keep pace with them in coming to his conclusions. Thus compelled to decide without postponement, Lord Eldon at once established the highest judicial reputation; a reputation, indeed, which afterwards wrought somewhat disadvantageously against himself when Lord Chancellor, by shewing how little ground there was for his diffidence, and consequently how little necessity for his doubts and delays."

His mother died in July 1800, at the age of ninety-one, having lived to see her eldest son the Chief Judge of the Admiralty Court, and her youngest a Chief Justice and a peer—a rare fortune!

On the accession of Mr. Addington's ministry, the seals were given to Lord Eldon; on the 15th of April, 1801, he took his seat in the Court of Chancery, and during the term he performed the duties of both the offices of Lord Chancellor and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The disturbances in Ireland followed, and doubtless he was the adviser of much of the severity which, intrusted to partisans to execute, took the form of excessive cruelty, amounting at times to barbarism. In 1804, the King became mad again, and again had an interval of reason, during which the Chancellor used his influence

to procure the recall of Mr. Pitt, and was successful. During that and the following year he preserved his old character of making himself useful by acting as go-between with the King and the Prince on divers delicate matters. On the 25th of March, 1805, he delivered his first speech against Catholic Emancipation. In 1806 the death of Mr. Pitt occasioned a change of ministry, and Eldon, retiring with his colleagues, the seals were given to Lord Erskine. During the same year, Lord Thurlow died, leaving ELDON one of his executors. Many anecdotes of this bearish nobleman are preserved by his friend. One of these we cite:—

"Mr. Fox or Mr. Burke said of him, that he looked wiser than any man ever was. Burke, I think, speaking of his unbending manners in Parliament, and his courteous behaviour when in presence of the king, said, 'Thurlow was a sturdy oak at Westminster and a willow at St. James's.'"

The death of Pitt was soon followed by that of his great rival, and then Canning, an enlightened pupil of the Pitt school, began to grow upon the political stage. Between him and ELDON there was intense hatred; they differed in almost every element of character: ELDON, narrow-minded, bigoted, illiberal, and miserly; Canning, with expanded views, large thoughts, and generous feelings; the one a pedant, the other a genius; the lawyer ever for standing still; the statesman ever aiming at progress; the former the personification of selfishness, as the latter was of liberality. They were in the same cabinet, but there was no peace between them: the premier had enough to do to preserve a hollow truce.

Among the propositions to which Lord ELDON offered a fierce and uncompromising opposition, was the Bill for the abolition of the *Slave-Trade*. He was an advocate not only for slavery, but for the traffic in slaves! Surely this should have been remembered in his epitaph. It affords an admirable measure of the man's mind.

But in the good old times, as some persons love to call them, this was precisely the sort of man to rise to place and power. The king demanded of his ministers a written declaration that they would propose no further concessions to the Catholics. The request was an insult, and compliance would have been a breach of duty; so they resigned, as probably it was intended that they should, and Lord Erskine retiring with them, the seals were handed to Lord ELDON on the 1st of April, 1807.

The remarkable feature of this era of his life was his apparent friendship for the Princess of Wales, whose regard and confidence he won; how to return them, his forwardness in the subsequent tragedy will shew.

The history of the lucky chancellor, for some years after his resumption of the seals, is a history of the times, and cannot be condensed within the compass of a review. Mr. Twiss has patiently traced it in chronological order, and relieved the dryness of dates and names with anecdotes and extracts from correspondence; some of which we purpose to throw together when we have completed the continuous narrative. It was about this time that ELDON commenced the letters to Sam Suire, D.D. from which his biographer has drawn so copiously.

His extraordinary tact in securing himself in the good graces of those who had the power to bestow favours, was remarkably exhibited in the success with which he managed the Prince, by whom he had been extremely disliked. When a permanent regency was becoming inevitable, ELDON had reason to fear that he at least would not be permitted to keep his place; but, with consummate art he wormed himself into the confidence of the Regent, and so disarmed his dislike, that he solicited him to continue in his office. And thus the cunning lawyer writes about it to the aforesaid Doctor Suire.

"With such determinations on his part, with reference to his father, daily and constantly proved to be most sincerely adopted by him in his intercourse with me, how could I pos-

sibly refuse to consent to what his entreaty pressed upon me, to remain in the service of a son so conducting himself towards the father to whom I owe so much? or how could I break up an administration, which must be succeeded by another which would overturn all that I think right? *God knows that we live in times when public office, if it is not vanity, is literally and truly labour and vexation of spirit, and how I get through my share of it I know not: BUT GOD IS VERY KIND TO ME.*

"What a blessing to himself and to the country it has been, that the Prince did not succeed to government upon the King's demise, but under circumstances which have given him an opportunity of learning what he would otherwise never have known—or, as the Queen puts it, of enabling her son George to learn that his poor father knew better who were his son's best friends than that son himself did!"

In 1811, he distinguished himself by opposing and defeating the humane Bill of Sir Samuel Romilly, for abolishing the punishment of death for stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings! And, in like manner, every relaxation of our Draconian code was resisted by the Chancellor.

And now it was that the consequences of his slow and hesitating judgment began to exhibit themselves in an overwhelming arrear of business in his court. In 1811 there were pending no fewer than 296 appeals, and 42 writs of error. To rid him of a portion of this accumulation, a Vice-Chancellor was created in the following year.

He daily grew in favour with the Regent, and their correspondence, of which some specimens are given by Mr. Twiss, is remarkable for its friendly, almost affectionate, tone, and its bad grammar. This intimacy was not without its advantages, for it enabled the Prince, when he assumed the crown, to use the willingness of the lawyer for the gratification of his evil passions in the famous trial of the Queen, in the advising, and preparation, and conduct of which the sycophant Chancellor enacted so prominent a part.

It was a toilsome and an anxious task, and it may be supposed that he was rejoiced when relieved from it, even though it terminated in defeat. But this was only the beginning of his troubles. The man whom most he hated of all his contemporaries was Canning, and he was manifestly obtaining an ascendancy in the cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Huskisson, the friend of his foe, was a bitter pill for the Chancellor, whose letters at the period shew the chafed condition of his mind. Moreover, he could not fail to hear the complaints that were uttered on all sides in Parliament and by the press, and insinuated in the Cabinet itself against the delays and arrears in his court. In the House of Commons he found but one defender, and that was Mr. Peel, who fought his battle with his usual cleverness; but no sophistry could get rid of the plain fact that such was the delay and such the amount of arrear shewn by a return moved for by Sir F. Burdett, fiercely resisted, but ultimately ordered. In this tottering state of his reputation, he sought to regain favour by a more than common hostility to the Roman Catholic claims, and he was partially successful in his aim. His speeches were printed in handbills and pamphlets with the famous "So help me God" speech of the Duke of York.

But his protracted term of office was drawing to a close. The temper of the times had changed; it was necessary to infuse into the Government a more liberal tone; the death of Lord Liverpool hastened this consummation; Canning was placed at the head of administration, and ELDON resigned the seals to Sir John Copley, who received with them the title of Baron Lyndhurst.

Thus closed the most protracted chancellorship in our history, Lord ELDON having held the great seal altogether for 24 years, ten months, and 23 days. Besides the honours and the vast patronage which the lucky

Lawyer reaped from his high office during this long time, it was a source of that which he prized beyond either or both—direct pecuniary gain. It appears from an estimate made by Pensam, one of his secretaries, that from 1801 to 1806 his receipts averaged 17,506*l.* per annum, and from 1807 to 1827, 16,118*l.* per annum. But during the latter period the profits of the chancellorship were charged with the payment of the Vice-Chancellor, and deducting the salary of this assistant, it appears that the average of the entire term was nearly 15,000*l.* per annum, or in the whole somewhat more than 200,000*l.*

The premature death of Mr. Canning, the feeble and brief administration of Lord Goderich, and the appointment of the Duke of Wellington as Premier, revived the hopes of the ex-chancellor, who still longed for the substantial sweets of office. His expectations were raised almost to assurance when the Duke called upon him to talk over the construction of his cabinet. The wily old lawyer threw out many significant hints, that if nobody else could be found fit for the place he would reluctantly accept it rather than that the interests of the country should suffer, and so forth. But the soldier was as sharp as the judge, and would not bite, and thenceforth he prophesied that the Ministry must fail, and his spleen was shewn on every plausible occasion. The Catholic question, so unexpectedly taken up by the Cabinet, afforded to the angry nobleman the opportunity for which he thirsted, of harassing the Ministry who would do without him, while preserving his own reputation for consistency. He was foremost in the fight throughout the fierce but brief struggle against the tardy concession of the Government to reason and justice, and consequently he was exalted to be a sort of little divinity among the bigots of the time. The Reform Bill afforded him another chance of exhibiting his determined hostility to improvement or liberality in any shape; but there was a certain degree of popularity in his opposition to the Catholic claims, while his pertinacious thwarting of the Reform Bill only covered him with obloquy. Nor did the manner of his opposition tend to win respect: his speeches were the merest twaddle, without a spark of eloquence or a substantial argument; they were the veriest drivellings of senility. But let us in charity draw a veil over the latter part of his career, of which but one creditable trait is recorded. This was on the occasion of the appointment of Lord Cottenham to the office of Chancellor. Lord ELDON went down to the House of Peers, and, going to the woolsack, addressed his successor thus:—"My lord, I am happy to take this opportunity of assuring you that every thing I hear of you entitles you to my sincere respect." Lord ELDON was undoubtedly a good judge of character, and this eulogium upon a political opponent has been fully justified by the subsequent career of that great lawyer and still greater statesman.

It is a singular fact that Lord ELDON felt extreme aversion to the Wills Act, and prophesied all sorts of ills as certain to flow from it. So far did he carry his dislike, that he actually put himself to inconvenience to complete his own will on the day before the new Act was to come into operation, that he at least might be exempted from its provisions. He was just in time. He died on the 13th of July, 1837, at the very advanced age of eighty-seven.

We have deemed it best not to disturb this chronological record of the most prominent events of the public life of Lord ELDON, by the introduction of anecdote or commentary, considering that these may be introduced more conveniently and pleasantly in a miscellaneous group at the close of our brief abstract of this interesting biography. We shall now throw together, without regard to order of time, some of the most memorable passages from the diary and correspondence, and a few of the best of the *ana*, for perusal and preservation, and

as it is not often that a work of so much substantial value passes under the notice of a reviewer, we shall make no apology for trespassing beyond the space usually devoted to new publications.

ELDON ON RETIREMENT.

"Miss Forster has preserved a little piece of advice, pleasantly given by Lord Eldon to Mr. Hoult, the landlord of the inn at Rusheyford. 'I hear, Mr. Hoult, that you are talking of retiring from business: but let me advise you *not* to do so. Busy people are very apt to think a life of leisure is a life of happiness; but, believe me, for I speak from experience, when a man who has been much occupied through life arrives at having nothing to do, he is very apt not to know what to do *with himself*. I am interested in this advice, Mr. Hoult; for I intend to come here every year for the *next thirty years*, and I hope to find you still the landlord. And now good day; and I trust, if God spares me, we shall all meet again next summer.'

"About the close of 1837, Lord Eldon, relating this to Mr. Farrer, added, 'Next year, when I again visited Rusheyford, the landlord told me he had taken my advice, and determined not to give up his inn. It was advice given by me in the spirit of that Principal of Brasenose, who, when he took leave of young men quitting college, used to say to them, 'Let me give you one piece of advice: *Cave de resignationibus*.' And very good advice too.'"

Here is a pleasing picture of

ELDON AS GRANDPAPA.

"'I enjoyed very much,' says Miss Forster, 'seeing my venerable uncle with his grandchildren, Fanny and Eldon Banks, beside him after dinner, other members of the family being present. The children hearing him his letters. He repeated the alphabet, altering the usual order of the letters. "No, no, grandpapa, that won't do." He again repeated them with mock solemnity, preserving every letter, though he again varied the order. Then came a mock discussion between the elder and younger members of the family, whether grandpapa should be sent to a preparatory school, or taught the rudiments of education at home, lest he should disgrace the family: the venerable Earl listening to and entering into the amusement with affectionate playfulness.'"

He appears to have preserved a large affection for his family. It is impossible to read without respect these

SPECIMENS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Lord Eldon to his Mother.

"Lincoln's Inn, 19th July, 1799.

"My dear Mother—I cannot act under any other feeling than that you should be the first to whom I write after changing my name. My brother Harry will have informed you, I hope, that the King has been pleased to make me Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Peer. I feel that, under the blessing of Providence, I owe this—I hope I may say I owe this—to a life spent in conformity to those principles of virtue which the kindness of my father and mother early inculcated, and which the affectionate attention of my brother Sir William improved in me. I hope God's grace will enable me to do my duty in the station to which I am called. I write in some agitation of spirits; but I am anxious to express my love and duty to my mother, and affection to my sisters, when I first subscribe myself

"Your loving and affectionate son,
"ELDON."

Lord Eldon to his brother Henry.

"Lincoln's Inn, 20th July, 1799.

"My dear Harry—I would write you a longer letter, but I am really so oppressed with the attention and kindness of my friends that I can't preserve a dry eye. God bless you and my sister; remember me affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Forster. You shall hear from me again. With the same heartfelt affection with which I have so often subscribed the name of J. Scott, I write

"Your affectionate brother,
"ELDON."

Lord Eldon to Lady F. J. Banks.—(Extract.)

"Saturday, 28th June, 1834.

"It pleased the Great Ruler of the world, on this day three years ago to take unto himself my poor dear Bessy, the part-

ner of my life for so many, many long years. His will be done! He will pardon sorrow and grief, but not complaint. I will not complain. In sorrow I may grieve. I wrote this last sentence half an hour ago. I am relieved by writing it, and by reflection upon my duty."

Lord Eldon to Lady F. J. Banks.—(Extract.)

"Wednesday, 23rd July, 1834.

"Heaven grant that this new mode of treating the poor and needy may not bring forth those fruits which I for one anticipate. They are to proceed in this hazardous measure to-night, but 'unto their assembly mine honour shall not be united.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843.

By Mrs. SHELLEY. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Moxon.

THE name upon this title-page must, of itself, attract attention to these volumes, for it is a great name in the literary annals of our land. SHELLEY is the name affixed to the most *poetical poetry* our country can boast. SHELLEY is the name subscribed to one of the most powerful romances in our language. SHELLEY is the name of the tourist whose charming narrative is before us. SHELLEY, the poet, is dead, alas!—But SHELLEY, the romantic, lives, though, as we regret to learn, having indifferent health. She is the widow of the poet, and the author of *Frankenstein* is the tourist whose memoranda we are going to explore.

In search of health she has been rambling about Germany and Italy; neither of them altogether new lands to her, and the latter ever sadly memorable as the grave of the true genius whom it was her boast to call by the holy title of husband. This recollection haunts her wanderings in that lovely land of blue skies, but not so as to make it distasteful to her. On the contrary, it seems in her imagination to be filled with the spirit of the great dead, and she loves it with a fond love, that is not lessened in degree because it is tinged with sadness.

Her comparison of Italy with Germany is not likely to result in a preference for the latter. Indeed, she speaks more harshly of the Germans than any traveller we can recal. She is offended by their rudeness and want of polish; she dislikes the sluggishness or obstinacy that keeps them standing still while all the rest of Europe is moving on; she thinks them cold and even insincere, and she openly charges them with a knavish propensity for cheating strangers, and asserts that they back and help each other in the perpetration of their frauds. And in this censure she is partially borne out by WILLIAM HOWITT.

Lady tourists are always lively, gossiping, observant writers, with keen and accurate perceptions of *appearances*, which make their journals or reminiscences extremely pleasant reading, if somewhat light and unsubstantial. But Mrs. SHELLEY, as her previous works would intimate, is more thoughtful, and has a larger grasp of mind and more expanded powers of reasoning than is usual with authoresses; and her style has a force in it which impresses the reader with the conviction that he is not wasting his time over mere froth, but that something is to be learned from the book in his hand.

The order of her first route was this. Starting from Mentz, she went down the Moselle to Coblenz, up the Rhine to Mayence, thence to Frankfort and Schaffhausen, to Como, thence to Milan, returning across the Simplon to Paris. Any thing but attractive to persons accustomed to railroads and English mail-coaches is her description of

GERMAN TRAVELLING.

"At six in the morning we left Metz for Trèves, the distance fifty-five miles, which occupied us fourteen hours. We

had now entered the true region of German expedition. The diligence was a sort of *char-à-banc*, with a heavy roof. We had the front seats; but the people behind had ingress and egress only by passing ours, which was done by raising the middle seat, in the style of the public boxes at our theatres. The horses went well enough (I have an idea we only changed them once, half-way); but the peculiarity of German travelling consists in its frequent and long stoppages. During each of these the people behind got out, and refreshed themselves by eating and drinking. Another inconvenience resulted from our stopping so often; our left-hand leader went well enough when once off, but it was very difficult to persuade him to move; and he was never urged by any but the gentlest means. Every time we stopped he refused to set off; on which our driver got down to pat and coax him, and feed him with slices of bread—horses eat a great deal of bread in Germany. When he thought he had succeeded, he mounted again; but the horse being still obstinate, he had to get down and renew his caresses and bits of bread. Sometimes he repeated these manoeuvres half a dozen times before he succeeded. Once, just as the horse, after shewing himself particularly self-willed, had deigned to yield, a passenger behind, a simple-looking bumpkin, started forward, exclaiming in accents of distress, '*Oh, mon gâteau!*' He had bought a cake; but by some accident had left it behind, and he entreated the driver to stop, that he might recover it: this was too much; a full quarter of an hour's coaxing and much bread could not thus be wasted—all to be begun over again.

"The disagreeable part of a slow style of travelling is, that although at the outset we take it patiently, and may find it even amusing, yet, when we are to reach a definite bourne, and the hours pass, and apparently we are still as far off as ever, we become excessively weary. The country was pretty, and after the shower, the evening wore a garb of sober grey not unpleasing. But our fatigue increased rapidly; and mile after mile we proceeded, not interspersed with the capricious and ludicrous stoppages that had marked our outset, but in a sort of determined jog-trot, that shewed that the men and horses had lost the gay spirit which had led them to play with their work, and were seriously set upon finishing it with all the slow haste of which they were capable. We arrived at Trèves at ten o'clock at night."

She thus contradicts a notion, very generally entertained in England, as to the French language being a universal passport through the continent of Europe:—

"Nothing can be more futile than the idea that French will carry a traveller through Germany or Italy. At some of the best inns on the most frequented routes, waiters are provided who can talk both French and English; but go ever so little off the high road, or address a person not especially put there for the benefit of your ignorance, and you are instantly at fault; and wanderers, like ourselves, if they cannot speak the language of the country, nine times out of ten, run every risk of not obtaining the necessities of life. We had been told on this occasion that one of our boatmen spoke French; but *oui*, and *non*, and *bonjour* was the extent of his vocabulary, and we could never make him understand a word we said. We took great interest, therefore, in our friend's first experiment in German, and his success was a common triumph."

We thank her for her vigorous protest against the disgusting propensity of the Germans for smoking at all times and in all places. It will be unnecessary to follow her through routes which have been recently so familiarized to our readers as Frankfort, Mayence, &c. She did not linger long in any of them; but hastening to the lively valley of the Rhine, she passed into Italy. As a specimen of her graphic powers, we extract her description of

THE VIA MALA.

"It is here that the giant wall of the Alps shuts out the Swiss from Italy. Before the Alp itself (the Splügen) is reached, another huge mountain rises to divide the countries. A few years ago, there was no path except across this mountain, which being very exposed, and difficult even to danger, the Splügen was only traversed by shepherds and travellers of the country on mules or on foot. But now, a new and most marvellous road has been constructed—the mountain in ques-

tion is, to the extent of several miles, cleft from the summit to the base, and a sheer precipice of 4,000 feet rises on either side. The Rhine, swift and strong, but in width a span, flows in the narrow depth below. The road has been constructed on the face of the precipice, now cut into the side, now perforated through the living rock into galleries: it passes, at intervals, from one side of the ravine to the other, and bridges of a single arch span the chasm. The precipices, indeed, approach so near, in parts, that a fallen tree could not reach the river below, but lay wedged in mid-way. It may be imagined how singular and sublime this pass is, in its naked simplicity. After proceeding about a mile, you look back and see the country you had left, through the narrow opening of the gigantic crags, set like a painting in this cloud-reaching frame. It is giddy work to look down over the parapet that protects the road, and mark the arrowy rushing of the imprisoned river. Midway in the pass, the precipices approach so near that you might fancy that a strong man could leap across. This was the region visited by storm, flood, and desolation in 1834. The Rhine had risen several hundred feet, and aided by the torrents from the mountains, had torn up the road, swept away a bridge, and laid waste the whole region. An English traveller, then on his road to Chiavenna, relates that he traversed the chasm on a rotten uneven plank, and found but few inches remaining of the road overhanging the river."

Mrs. SHELLEY's description of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Como will tempt many a traveller to rest himself there for a week or two, instead of hurrying through it with the recklessness that characterizes English tourists, who take a glance at a country, and then away, and who seem to go not because they enjoy the sight, but that afterwards they may say that they have seen.

Mrs. SHELLEY and her friends lingered for two months about the lake, to her invested with so many sweet and sad memories; and she pays a just tribute of gratitude to the brothers Brentani, with whom she took up her abode:—"You can be on excellent terms with them without their ever forgetting themselves; there is no intrusiveness, no improper familiarity, but perfect ease, joined to respect and ready service."

On her homeward way, she halted at Milan, and thus she speaks of some of the most famous

SIGHTS OF MILAN.

"First we visited the fading inimitable fresco of Leonardo de Vinci. How vain are copies! Not in one, nor in any print, did I ever see the slightest approach to the expression in our Saviour's face, such as it is in the original. Majesty and love—these are the words that would describe it—joined to an absence of all guile that expresses the Divine nature more visibly than I ever saw it in any other picture. But if the art of the copyist cannot convey, how much less can words, that which Leonardo da Vinci could imagine and portray? There is another fragment of his in the gallery—an unfinished Virgin and Child—in the same manner quite inimitable: the attitude is peculiar; with a common artist it had degenerated into affectation: with him it is simplicity and grace,—a gentle harmony of look and gesture, which reveals the nature of the being portrayed,—the chaste and fond mother, lovely in youth and innocence, thoughtful from mingled awe and love, with a touch of fear, springing from a presentiment of the tragical destiny of the Divine Infant, whose days of childhood she watched over and made glad. In the gallery is Raphael's picture of the Marriage of the Virgin, in his first and most chaste style; where beauty of expression and grace of design are more apparent than when, in later days, his colouring grew more rich, his grouping more artificial."

In 1842 Mrs. SHELLEY set forth on a second tour, on this occasion proceeding to Amsterdam, and thence through Leige to Cologne, the City of Smells. She records a shameless endeavour at extortion practised in

A RHINE STEAMER.

"The man who acted as steward on the steamer, a thin, pale, short, insignificant-looking fellow, had taken his bill to him of our party whom, I suppose, long experience in such

matters had led him to divine was the most *insouciant*. The bill was paid without a remark, and then brought to me. I was startled at its amount, and examined it. First I cast it up, and found an overcharge in the addition. This was pointed out to the man. He acknowledged it very *debonairely*. 'Ah, oui, je le vois, c'est juste,' and he refunded. Still the bill was large; and I shewed it to a lady on board, who had paid hers, and had mentioned the moderation of the charges. I found that the man had charged us each half a florin too much for dinner. Again the bill was taken to him. This time he was longer in being convinced; but when our authority was mentioned, with a look of sudden enlightenment he exclaimed, 'Madame, vous avez parfaitement raison,' and refunded. But this was not all: my maid came to me, to say she hoped I had not paid for her, as she had paid for herself. True enough; she was charged for in our bill. We were almost ashamed to apply again; but a sense of public justice prevailed, and again we asked for our money back. In this instance, the man yielded at once. Claspings his forehead, he exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! que je suis bête!' and repaid us. In the evening of this day, as K— was gazing on the splendour of the setting sun, the false steward stood beside him, sharing the rapture, and exclaimed, 'N'est ce pas, Monsieur: que c'est magnifique!'

For our own part we must say that we have never found other than the most upright dealing and the most polite treatment in the "*bateaux à vapeur*" that bore us through the beauties of the Rhine; and Mrs. SHELLEY should have published the name of the packet and the company to which it belonged, as a warning both to the public and the proprietors. But it will be as well for travellers to be a little more cautious than they are wont to be in casting their accounts. Our tourist proceeded to Kissengen, of which she draws a very amusing but a very unattractive picture; it seems that the Government prescribes what the visitor shall eat and drink, and even how much! Mrs. SHELLEY emphatically terms the place "very intolerable." So, wanderers, beware!

Mrs. SHELLEY hastened to Berlin, and thence to Prague, which we must pass by still more rapidly, and then she entered the Tyrol. But though we may not pause upon this picturesque route, we can assure the reader that every page will reward perusal, and we specially commend this portion of the volume to all who contemplate an autumn tour. She thus speaks of

THE TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

"The Tyrol became by inheritance a possession of the house of Hapsburgh as far back as the 14th century. The princes of Austria shewed themselves worthy sovereigns of this province. The internal government of the country was the object of wise legislation; and, in spite of the opposition of Pope and noble, and imperial city, the Tyrolese received the gift of a free constitution, and governed and taxed themselves. These blessings are guarded by the fact that the soil of the mountains is their own. There are no noble landlords to carry off the wealth of the country in the shape of rents, forcing the labourers to waste their lives in penury and toil, that they may squander in vice and luxury. The peasant possesses the land he cultivates. He is independent, pious, and honest. No mercenary troops have ever been hired among these mountains; but the Tyrolese are not unwarlike. They are devotedly attached to the house of Austria, which conferred their privileges, protected them, exacted few taxes, and in no way displayed the cloven foot of despotism, in this happy region. Their domestic government is carried on by themselves. They furnish a slight contingent to the imperial armies, which is looked upon as an opening to active life, and operates rather beneficially on the population. They are accustomed to the use of arms, for the militia is called out and exercised each year. They are a happy, brave, religious, free, and virtuous people."

A vivid and exciting sketch of the fierce struggles of these brave people in defence of their liberties, against the numbers, skill, and resources of the armies of France and Bavaria, will be read with avidity and profit. The travellers entered Italy by Verona, and to that lovely

land is the remainder of the volume devoted. This is a theme on which the enthusiasm of Mrs. SHELLEY is kindled, and often exalts her narrative to poetry. She devotes an entire chapter to the literature of modern Italy, and she entertains a confident hope that the prospects of this prostrate portion of Europe are brightening. A desire for nationality is growing; education is spreading; nobler hopes and impulses are encouraged by the greater minds, by whom other minds are influenced. It seems to be now understood, that when a people are fit for freedom it cannot long be withheld; and that to achieve liberty, they need not resort to physical force, but that they "should be emancipated by their courage, their knowledge, and their virtues."

We can but recommend these delightful volumes as peculiarly adapted for book-club reading, and certainly to be placed in the library catalogue; and we conclude with a few miscellaneous passages which cannot fail to stimulate the reader to resort to the work from which they are taken, for the many more of equal interest which almost every page supplies.

Here are some novel remarks:—

THE MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

"By this time I became aware of a truth which had dawned on me before, that the French common people have lost much of that grace of manner which once distinguished them above all other people. More courteous than the Italians they could not be; but, while their manners were more artificial, they were more playful and winning. All this has changed. I did not remark the alteration so much with regard to myself, as in their mode of speaking to one another. The 'Madame' and 'Monsieur' with which stable-boys and old beggar-women used to address each other, with the deference of courtiers, has vanished. No trace is to be found of it in France. A shadow faintly exists among Parisian shopkeepers, when speaking to their customers; but only there is the traditional phraseology still used: the courteous accent, the soft manner, erst so charming, exists no longer. I speak of a thing known and acknowledged by the French themselves. They want to be powerful; they believe money must obtain power; they wish to imitate the English, whose influence they attribute to their money-making propensities: but now and then they go a step beyond, and remind one of Mrs. Trollope's description of the Americans. Their phraseology, once so delicately, and even, to us more straightforward people, amusingly deferential (not to superiors only, but toward one another), is become blunt, and almost rude. * * * Perhaps more than any people, as I see them now, the French require the restraint of good manners. They are desirous of pleasing, it is true; but their *amour propre* is so sensitive, and their tempers so quick, that they are easily betrayed into anger and vehemence. * * * On board these long narrow river-steamers I found the same defects—the air, most agreeable to a traveller, of neatness and civility, was absent. There is, however, no real fault to be found, and I should not mention this were it not a change; and I sincerely wish the French would return to what they once were, and give us all lessons of pleasing manners, instead of imitating and exaggerating our faults, and adding to them an impress all their own—a sort of fierceness when displeased, which is more startling than our sullenness. As I said, this has no reference to any act towards myself; but the winning tone and manner that had pleased me of old no longer appeared, and it was in the phraseology used among each other that the change was most remarkable.

CRIME IN ITALY.

"Assassination is of frequent occurrence in Italy: these are perpetrated chiefly from jealousy. There are crimes frequent with us and the French of which they are never guilty. Brutal murders committed for 'filthy lucre' do not occur among them. We never hear of hospitality violated, or love used as a cloak that the murderers may possess themselves of some trifle more or less of property. Their acts of violence are, indeed, assassinations, committed in the heat of the moment—never cold-blooded. Even the history of their banditti was full of redeeming traits, as long as they only acted for themselves and were not employed by government. There is plenty of cheating in Italy—not more, perhaps, than elsewhere,

only the system is more artfully arranged; but there is no domestic robbery. I lived four years in Tuscany. I was told that the servant who managed my expenditure cheated me dreadfully, and had reason to know that during that time she saved nearly a hundred crowns; but I never at any time, when stationary or travelling, was robbed of the smallest coin or the most trifling article of property. On the contrary, instances of scrupulous honesty are familiar to all travellers in Italy, as practised among the poorest peasantry."

MANNERS OF THE GERMANS.

"The Germans do not address each other with the plural *you*, as is our custom: *thou* denotes affection and familiarity. The common mode of speaking to friends, acquaintances, servants, shopkeepers—to everybody, indeed—is the third person plural, *sie*, they: your own dog you treat with the *du*, thou; the dog of your enemy with *er*, or he. The Germans have a habit of staring, quite inconceivable: I speak, of course, of the people one chances to meet travelling as we do. For instance, in the common room of an hotel, if a man or woman there have nothing else to do, they will fix their eyes on you, and never take them off for an hour or more. There is nothing rude in their gaze, nothing particularly inquiring, though you suppose it must result from curiosity. Perhaps it does; but their eyes follow you with pertinacity, without any change of expression. At Rabenau, and other country places, the little urchins would congregaate from the neighbouring cottages, follow us about up the hills and beside the waterfall, form a ring, and stare. A magic word to get rid of them is very desirable—here it is: ask one of them, '*Was will er?*' 'What does he want?' The *er* is irresistible—the little wretches feel the insult to their very backbone, and make off at once."

SCIENCE.

Sir Joseph Banks and the Royal Society. London, 1844. Parker.

THIS little volume is one of the series of cheap publications issued by Mr. Parker, and both from its subject and its pretensions, it calls rather for notice than for criticism. It opens with a narrative of the first establishment of the Royal Society, and traces its career to the end of the seventeenth century, prefacing it with a notice of scientific societies generally, from which we take an amusing passage:—

WHIMSICAL SOCIETIES.

"The titles assumed by some of the Italian societies are exceedingly curious. Thus the Academy *della Crusca* signifies literally of the bran or chaff, in allusion to the great object of the academy, which was to sift, as it were, the flour of the language from the bran. The device adopted by this society was a sieve, with the motto, *Il più bel fior ne coglia*; that is, 'It collects the finest flour of it.' The name of the Lyceum Society just referred to had a similar fantastic origin: it was borrowed from the lynx, and had reference to the piercing sight which that animal has been supposed to possess, and which ought to belong to those who purpose to investigate the secrets of nature. Although, at the present day, the name may appear to border on the grotesque, it was conceived in the spirit of the age; and the fantastic names of the numberless societies which were rapidly formed in various parts of Italy, far exceed whatever degree of quaintness may be thought to belong to the Lyceum name. The Inflamed—the Transformed—the Uneasy—the Humourists—the Fantastic—the Intricate—the Indolent—the Senseless—the Undeceived—the Valiant—the *Ethereal* societies, are selected from a vast number of similar institutions, the names of which, now almost their sole remains, are collected by the industry of Morhoff and Tiraboschi. The Humourists are named by Morhoff as the only Italian philosophical society anterior to the Lyceans; their founder was Paolo Mancino, and the distinctive symbol which they adopted was rain dropping from a cloud, with the motto, *Redit agmine dulci*;—their title is derived from the same metaphor. The object of their union appears to have been similar to that of the Lyceans, but they at no time attained to the celebrity to which Cæci's society rose from the moment of its incorporation."

The first charter of the Royal Society was granted on 22nd April, 1663; the early minutes of its proceedings are curious. Here are some of them:—

"1661. March 25th. Mr. Boyle was requested to report the name of the place in Brazil where that wood is which attracts

fishes; and of the fish which turns to the wind when suspended by a thread.

"July 24th. A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out. The trial being repeated several times, the spider once made some stay on the powder.

"1663. March 25th. Dr. Croune suggested that the viper-powder, formerly committed to the care of Mr. Pulleyn, might be looked after; and that Mr. Pulleyn should be desired to observe the proper time wherein it was thought that vipers would be produced out of that powder.

"1663. Dec. 23. Occasion being given to discourse of tormenting a person with the sympathy powder, Dr. Wren related that in the house of a kinsman of his, the experiment had been tried by him upon a servant who had grievously cut her finger; and a rag rubbed upon the wound being dressed with calcined vitriol, and put into the maid's bosom, her finger within a short time was cured. Whereupon he had taken the rag from her, and heated it upon the fire, whilst the maid was sweeping the next chamber; who, upon a sudden, flung away the broom, and cried out for the pain in her finger; which being looked to, was found very fiery; upon which they cooled the rag again and dressed it as formerly, and within a day or two the finger was entirely cured.

"Mr. Boyle undertook to try this experiment upon a dog."

The King was a frequent visitor, and the minutes describe the experiments with which the learned Fellows sought at once to amuse and to instruct his Majesty. The next step was to publish the results of their labours, and accordingly the *Transactions* were projected and speedily commenced.

"The first number of the *Philosophical Transactions* was accordingly published, with the date, 'Monday, March 6, 1664-5.' It consists of sixteen small quarto pages, the contents of which are as follows:—1. A short introduction. 2. An account of the improvement of optick-glasses. 3. Notice of a spot in one of the belts of Jupiter. 4. The motion of the late comet predicted. 5. An experimental history of cold. 6. An account of a very odd monstrous calf. 7. Of a peculiar lead-ore of Germany, and the use thereof. 8. Of an Hungarian Bolus, of the same effect with the Bolus Armenus. 9. Of the new American whale-fishing about the Bermudas. 10. A narrative concerning the success of pendulum-watches at sea, for the longitudes. 11. The character, lately published beyond the seas, of an eminent person, not long since dead at Thoulouse, where he was a councillor of parliament."

The first volume was completed in the year 1666, and dedicated to the Society by their secretary, Mr. Henry Oldenburg.

In 1667 the Society met, for the first time, at Arundel-house. At the same time Mr. Howard presented them with a valuable library, consisting of many thousand volumes, collected by his grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, during his embassy to Vienna. In 1669, Chelsea College was, by patent, given up to the Society.

The Society was often put to great straits, owing to the members neglecting to pay their subscriptions. Among other distinguished defaulters was Sir Isaac Newton.

"The following entry occurs under the date Jan. 28th, 1675: 'Mr. Oldenburg having mentioned that Mr. Newton had intimated his being now in such circumstances that he desired to be excused from the weekly payments, it was agreed to by the council, that he should be dispensed with, as several others were.'"

The subsequent history of the Royal Society is more familiar to the reader, and therefore we need do no more with this little volume than heartily to recommend it as an interesting sketch of an establishment that has been more useful than it is.

The Medals of Creation; or, First Lessons in Geology and in the Study of Organic Remains. By G. A. MANTELL, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 Vols. London, 1844. H. G. Bohn.

CONVINCED from observation and experience of the benefits derivable to individual character from a study of the natural sciences, and equally satisfied that none of them can be pursued without advantage to the community at large, we always take up any work intended

* M. de Fermat, author of several mathematical treatises.

to inspire a taste for them, or enlarge the sphere of our knowledge concerning them, predisposed to view all its faults with a lenient eye, and to fix our attention upon its merits. But no such favourable medium, arising from a love of the subject, is needed by the work before us. It is the production of one thoroughly conversant with what he has undertaken, and, at the same time, thoroughly alive to the wants of those less advanced in knowledge than himself; of one both willing and able to be a guide and teacher to the beginner, to co-operate with the more learned student, and to suggest and propound points for future investigation to the most acute and profound of his fellow-labourers in the wide field of geological science.

The author of the *Wonders of Creation* has, in this new, and still more valuable work, had these objects in view:—First, by an epitome of palæontology, or the science which treats of the fossil remains of the ancient denizens of this globe, to present an intelligible view of the principal discoveries in geology, and the method by which they have been made. Secondly, to give every requisite information to the collector of organic remains, which may enable him to obtain and preserve the specimens he may seek, and to ascertain their nature and relation to existing animals or plants. Thirdly, to place before the student the elementary principles of palæontology, based upon a knowledge of the structure of vegetable and animal organization, and at once excite in his mind a desire for other information, and point out the sources from which such desire may be gratified.

The very nature of the work, and the perfectness with which the design has been carried out, preclude us from offering many extracts to enable our readers to judge for themselves. But we think we shall satisfy all who are interested in this study—daily becoming more important, from the numerous ways in which a knowledge of it is seen to be of practical use—that it is one of the most valuable works that has issued from the press for a long period, by giving a cursory analysis of its contents.

After shewing, by a list of strata wholly or in part composed of animal remains, what countless myriads of creatures must have lived and died to form the platform of the earth upon which we now walk, he proceeds to give, first, a tabular arrangement of the British formations, and then a view of their geographical distribution.

A chapter on the nature of fossils or organic remains in general, and the various states in which the remains of animals and plants are preserved in the strata, is followed by a consideration of the first grand division of the "Medals of Creation," or the fossil vegetable world. A slight sketch of the most obvious essential characters of vegetable organization is given, sufficient for the general reader and amateur collector, who does not intend to pay particular attention to this branch of geology, which would require a much more accurate acquaintance with botany. The mode of investigation is detailed and explained, and then a separate chapter is properly devoted to those sources of England's wealth, the coalbeds. He remarks on these, that—

"The manner in which the carboniferous strata have been deposited has been a fruitful source of dispute among geologists. Some contend that the coal-measures were originally peat bogs, and that the successive layers were occasioned by repeated subsidences of the land; others, that the vegetable matter originated from rafts, like those of the Mississippi, which floated out to sea and there became engulfed; others, that they were formed in vast inland seas or lakes, the successive beds of vegetable matter being supplied by periodical land floods; and the supporters of each hypothesis bring numerous facts in corroboration of their respective opinions. There can, I think, be no doubt that coal may be, and has been, formed under all these conditions, and that at different periods and in different localities all these causes have been in operation, in some instances singly, in others in combination."

There are not, however, as yet sufficient data to explain all the phenomena presented by the various layers, of under-clay, with its innumerable stigmata, now proved to be the roots of gigantic trees, coal, and a deposit of drift, repeated in the same triple arrangement thirty or forty times through a thickness of many thousand feet. The characters of the various genera and species in the BRITISH FOSSIL FLORA are presented to the reader by accurate descriptions and beautiful woodcuts, and then the author proceeds to the second and more important part of his work, on the fossil remains of the animal kingdom.

He considers them under the following nine divisions: INFUSORIA or Animalcules, ZOOPHYTES, ECHINODERMA (animals with a spiny skin), MOLLUSCA (animals with soft bodies), under which head he includes fossil shells, ARTICULATA (having external pointed cases or skeletons), PISCES or Fishes, REPTILIA or Reptiles, AVES or Birds, MAMMALIA (animals giving suck). The account of these different divisions fills the latter half of the first volume and nearly all the second, and the knowledge and skill with which he has carried out the objects of his work entitle him to the highest praise. The usefulness of the work to the general reader is greatly increased by the meaning of the terms and of the names of the different genera and species, being generally appended in parentheses; and when we add that upwards of 150 woodcuts adorn these volumes, and that the author has given also full instructions as to extracting and preserving the various specimens the student may meet with, and tables of the principal localities where they are to be found, the names of the principal dealers in fossils, minerals, &c. &c.; and, in conclusion, has mapped out with great minuteness various geological excursions, all will readily believe that Dr. MANTELL has here furnished what has long been wanted—a complete HANDBOOK to Geology.

We have thus, at the risk of this notice being thought somewhat dull, endeavoured to give our readers an idea of the value of the work, satisfied that all who are interested in the science will thank us, and hoping that others who have not yet turned their minds to it may be led to do so through the medium of these volumes.

We will conclude with an extract from the concluding chapter, which will be read with pleasure by all:—

"If we endeavour to trace the order of succession of animal and vegetable organization upon the earth, as demonstrated by fossil remains, we are at once impressed with the insufficiency of the data hitherto obtained to present us with a true picture of the full development of organic life as it existed in the remotest ages. Ascending from the *Granite*—that shroud which conceals for ever from human ken the earliest scenes of the earth's physical drama—the first glimpses we obtain of animated nature are a few sea-weeds and shells and crustacea. But can we doubt for a moment that that ancient sea had its boundaries and its shores—that then, as now, there were islands and continents, and hills and valleys, and streams and rivers, teeming with appropriate inhabitants? The single drifted dicotyledonous leaf in the carboniferous sea affords as certain indication of dry land as the olive branch which the dove brought back to the ark; one fact of this kind overthrows a host of theories based upon negative evidence.

"Advancing upwards, organic life presents more numerous modifications, but no traces of the highest orders of the animal kingdom are apparent until, on the sands of the ancient Triassic ocean, we behold appearances as unexpected and startling as the human footsteps to Crusoe on his desolate island—the tracks of bipeds, colossal birds, of which no other vestiges remain, and to which the existing order of creation affords no parallel.

"We now enter upon that marvellous epoch during which reptilian organization obtained its fullest development; when the Iguanodon and Megalosaurus—

" 'Mighty Pre-Adamites who walked the earth,
Of which ours is the wreck'—

were the principal inhabitants of vast islands and continents. But here, as in the earlier periods, we have proof that warm-blooded animals existed; and the diminutive marsupial and insectivorous mammalia of the Oolite, the Heron of the Wealden, and the Albatross of the Chalk, attest that the system of animal creation was complete.

"Leaving behind us the Age of Reptiles, we approach that of the colossal Mammalia, when extensive countries were peopled by the enormous herbivorous Megatheria and other gigantic Pachydermata, long since become extinct. But with these lost races many existing species were contemporary, including the monkey tribes, which of all animals approach nearest to man in their physical organization.

"Thus, by slow and almost insensible gradations, we arrive at the present state of animate and inanimate nature. But even after the existing continents had attained their present configuration in the period immediately antecedent to the human epoch, innumerable tribes of carnivorous animals swarmed throughout the temperate climates of Europe; the tiger lurked in the jungle, the lion slept in his lair, the hyena prowled through the woods, the bear inhabited the caverns, and gigantic elks, oxen, horses, and deer tenanted the plains.

"But of Man and of his works not a vestige appears throughout the vast periods embraced in this review. Yet were any of the existing islands or continents to be engulfed in the depths of the ocean, and loaded with marine detritus, and in future ages be elevated above the waters, covered with consolidated mud and sand, how different would be the characters of those strata from any which have preceded them! Their most striking features would be the remains of man and the productions human art—the domes of his temples, the columns of his palaces, the arches of his stupendous bridges of iron and stone, the ruins of his towns and cities, and the durable remains of his earthly tenure—imbedded in the rocks and strata: these would be the 'Medals of Creation' of the human epoch, and transmit to the remotest periods of time a faithful record of the present condition of the surface of the earth and of its inhabitants."

A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare, with a brief Notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine. Delivered at the Boston Lyceum. By J. O. SARGENT. New York and London, 1844. Wiley and Putnam.

SOME of our readers may perhaps recollect, some years back, a diminutive, toy-like steamer, plying up and down the Thames, without any visible propulsive power, but with such speed that the watermen nick-named her the "Flying Devil." This was the first attempt made by ERICSSON to adapt his invention of the PROPELLER engine to practical purposes. The Lecture before us gives an interesting account of the progress of this invention, and a still more interesting sketch of the life of ERICSSON—one of those men marked by nature, from his very childhood, as a great innovator. It was ERICSSON who, at twelve years old, was appointed *nivelleur* at the Grand Ship Canal in Sweden, under Count Platen, in which duty he was required to set out the work for 600 men. He was at that time not tall enough to look through the levelling instrument, and in using it he was obliged to mount upon a stool; and, in obedience to the Swedish discipline, which required that the soldier should always speak to his superior with head uncovered, grey-headed men came, cap in hand, to receive their instructions from this mere child. It was ERICSSON who invented the steam-boiler on the principle of artificial draft, and his engine the "Novelty," constructed in seven weeks, contended with and almost surpassed Messrs. Stephenson and Rudge's "Rocket" at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. His "propeller" steamboats, although not yet adopted here, have succeeded in America, and now carry nearly the whole of the freight between Philadelphia and Baltimore. The United States Government have built their large steam-frigate the *Princeton* upon this principle,

which in October last walked round the *Great Western* twice within a few miles.

The ERICSSON PROPELLER is composed of a series of spiral plates attached to the outside of a short cylinder; which is supported by two or more winding or twisted spokes. We mention this because it has been confused with the Archimedian screw, which is simply a thread or spiral blade coiled round an axis.

Just at this moment every thing bearing upon steam warfare deserves attention, and the description here given of the advantages of this new mode of propulsion is well worthy of perusal. It is only a popular lecture, but cannot fail to excite further inquiry. ERICSSON is now intent upon working out his principle of the Caloric Engine, which is here briefly described as that of returning the heat at each stroke of the piston, and using it over and over again. This was exhibited some years ago in London, and condemned by all except Dr. Ure and Professor Faraday. The indefatigable mechanic is still, however, convinced of its capability of practical application, and no failures will daunt him in the prosecution of the subject. We are not surprised at this lecture having been reprinted by request, and we hope it will be laid on the table of every Mechanics' Institute in the kingdom.

FICTION.

Gaston de Foix; a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Mortimer.

THE author has been happy both in his hero and his era. A more romantic period than the century whose men and manners are sought to be depicted in this fiction it would have been difficult to select. Gaston de Foix is one of the personages whom History loves to invest with every shape of excellence, just as she delights to paint others as deformed in mind as in body, without one redeeming virtue. But our author, anxious probably to shun the affectionate partiality of History for his hero, has fallen into the opposite fault, and instead of painting him an angel, has put into him too much of the evil spirit, and drawn him a proud, conceited, revengeful coxcomb. This mars much of the pleasure the reader would otherwise take in a very spirited narrative, for it is vexing to find one's idol rudely torn from its pedestal even by the gravest historian, but vastly more annoying is it when the sacrilege is committed by one who professes nothing more than to amuse a few of our idle hours. Such an incident is that in which Gaston, having taken prisoner the father of the lady of his love, threatens to put him to death unless she will forthwith consent to become his bride. What opinion must the reader form of a hero who could act thus?—

"To undertake a task like this, my lord," said Mariana, "my affections would require to be disengaged." I now inform you that they are not, and never will be.

"I thought as much," replied the prince despairingly. "But is this attachment dearer than a father's life?"

"My faith is pledged, let that suffice. I can give no further explanation; if you possess the feelings that you boast, you will ask for none."

"But, Mariana," exclaimed the prince, "if you are deaf to the whispers both of interest and ambition, will not the voice of nature, will not the love you bear your father move you? Your only parent, the tenant of a dungeon, and condemned to die to-morrow. No hope except from you. I see thy generous spirit swell within thee, as if it scorned the threat of death; but, remember it is not the soldier's end, breathing his last amid the roar of battle; but the ignominious doom of rebels and traitors. A public scaffold, a gazing multitude, a brutal throng of guards and executioners —"

"Cease, if you be a man, and torture me no more. I know that he must die, but why remind me of his doom, and all its dismal preparations?"

And again further on :—

“ ‘And if you cannot endure the thought,’ replied the prince, ‘how will you bear the living stern reality?’ ”

“ ‘She stood, without replying, with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the ground.’ ”

“ ‘It is impossible,’ exclaimed the prince; ‘it is not in your nature to allow your father thus to perish, when a word will save him.’ ”

“ ‘Hush! you have tortured me too long already,’ said Mariana suddenly; ‘I will speak to you no more of mercy, you know not what it means. I will go to my father; I will tell him your proposals. If he consents that I should break my faith, I will. Can I do more than this?’ ”

By the bye, the work bears traces of being by a female hand, notwithstanding that its best parts are the descriptions of battles, which are thrown off with uncommon spirit. Costume is more minutely noted than a man would be like to trace it, and there are some inaccuracies which betray imperfect education; such as the mention made of “a curious old copy” of Dante at a time when the ink was scarcely dry with which his immortal works were written.

The following narrative will favourably exhibit the writer’s powers; it is of

THE BATTLE OF RAVENNA.

“The Spaniards advanced at a rapid pace upon their enemies. So steadily, however, did the latter keep their ground, that at the first onset nearly one-half of their antagonists were thrown down by their huge lances. But this check was more disastrous in appearance than reality, for the Spanish soldiers, wearing proof cuirasses, and being borne down merely by the weight of the German weapons, speedily regained their feet, and closed with their antagonists. Parrying or grasping in one hand the German lances, they soon had their opponents completely at their mercy, and with their Toledo blades and poinards—with the use of both of which they were exceedingly expert—they made great havoc among the comparatively defenceless Lanzknechts.

“Gaston, leaving the pursuit of Colonna’s cavalry to La Palisse, now turned his attention to the Spanish foot, which threatened still to change the fortune of the day. It was remarked, that the young viceroy signalized his valour even more than was his custom, plunging into the thickest of the fight, and seeking eagerly the posts of greatest danger. Flushed with his recent violent exertions, and pointing with his sabre to the Spanish veterans, he called upon his followers to charge once more for France and victory. His horse was flaked with foam, and his dress in many places stained with blood. Bayard, who galloped forward at this moment, exclaimed, alarmed at his appearance, ‘I fear your grace is wounded.’ ”

“ ‘It is the blood of our enemies,’ replied the viceroy briefly.

“ ‘Then, God be praised!’ exclaimed the chevalier; ‘the victory is yours. This day you well may be the proudest prince in Christendom.’ ”

“ ‘What! call you this a victory?’ said Gaston. ‘Navarro’s veterans still hold their ground. Sound to the rescue!’ ”

“ ‘Santiago! Santiago! A los caballos! A los caballos!’ replied the veterans of Spain as the victorious squadrons, led on by Gaston and Bayard, approached; for it was their practice, in encountering cavalry, to aim chiefly at their opponents’ horses. Navarro immediately ordered forward his second line, who were armed with partisans, to oppose the horse; and at the head of this determined band he maintained his ground against the whole French army. The discipline and valour of his troops called forth several bursts of admiration even from the enemy; but finding that he was left wholly unsupported on the field, for the cavalry of the allies was nearly annihilated, and their guns all dismounted, the Spanish general commenced his retreat in perfect order along the banks of the Ronco, towards the pine-forest, which we have already described as situated in the rear of his position.

“The river protected the left flank of his battalions, but upon the opposite wing, and along the front, many brilliant efforts were made by the French horse to break them, but without effect. They steadily continued their retreat for about

half a mile, until they fell back upon a narrow causeway, confined on the one side by the river, and on the other by a deep ditch or canal, which had been cut for the purpose of irrigating the adjoining plain.

“Along the causeway the retiring Spaniards began to move with their accustomed order. Gaston, surrounded by the remainder of his staff—for, alas, the greater number had already fallen—eyed in silence the vain efforts of his troops to break the Spanish lines. At length, as if seized by an ungovernable impulse, he suddenly exclaimed,—‘I will not suffer this; let those who love me follow;’ and in the instant he dashed along the causeway at full speed. His cousin Lautrec, along with Bayard and about thirty other gentlemen, instinctively obeyed their leader and followed him. There could not have been a more dangerous place for horsemen. The causeway was not more than thirty yards in breadth, and confined on one side by the river, and on the other by a perpendicular wall, eight or ten feet high, and the canal below. In front were the retreating Spaniards, falling back in perfect order, presenting a glittering and unbroken line; and a moment’s reflection would have shewn the Viceroy the madness of charging them in such a situation. He gallops on, however, as if seized with some sudden phrenzy, fixe or six yards ahead of any of his followers. Now he is up with the enemy, and has already struck down the foremost man. His sword was instantly again upraised to strike, when a bullet from an arquebuss lodged in his horse’s head. The noble animal reared suddenly in the air, then floundered on the causeway with its rider. Before the latter could disengage himself a Spanish partisan had pierced his side.

“ ‘Spare him, Castilians!’ thundered Lautrec, who was immediately behind, ‘it is our Viceroy, the brother of your Queen.’ ”

“But the warning came too late—the conqueror had received his death-wound.”

Where economy in orders must be practised, we would not advise the purchase of this romance; but in other cases it will be an acceptable addition to the shelves of the circulating library.

The Young Widow. By the Author of “The Scottish Heiress,” &c. &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Newby.

JESSIE of Kenmuir, the heroine of this novel, is affianced to Alfred Murdoch, but loves, and is beloved by Gerald Macoir, a highly-gifted student, designed for the ministry. Murdoch fixes a quarrel on his more favoured rival, who kills him in a duel, which Jessie tries to prevent. The manner of Murdoch’s death is concealed, and Gerald is ordained; having previously entered into a solemn compact with his friend Melville, who goes to the Cape as a missionary, to complete his holy errand, should the health of the latter fail him. The lovers now marry; Jessie presents her husband with a son, and two years pass very happily in spite of the narrowness of their circumstances, and the obduracy of Kenmuir, who disclaims all intercourse with his daughter on account of her union with Gerald, and contracts a second marriage, by which he also has a son. At this period a letter arrives from Melville, announcing his approaching dissolution, and claiming the performance of the compact. In spite of the remonstrances of his family and the prospect of a lucrative living, Gerald embarks for Africa, where he is supposed to be murdered by the Caffres. His mother’s death follows, and Jessie, left destitute, is compelled to act as governess in a family in France, where her son dies. Brokenhearted, she returns to Scotland. Here she falls into the clutches of Messrs. File and Pyke, who know that Jessie, in consequence of the double death of her father and his son, is heiress to the Kenmuir property. Fortunately a letter from Gerald, announcing his release from captivity and intention of immediately embarking for England, frustrates their machinations, and all ends happily. The principal defect in this novel is the concealment of the duel. It is highly improbable that a hostile meeting

between the parties, under all the circumstances, could be kept a secret, or that a coroner's jury would believe a man shot through the head died from a fall from his horse. The resemblance which Messrs. File and Pyke, too, and their proceedings, bear to Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, in *Ten Thousand a Year*, detracts from their originality.

In spite of this, however, *The Young Widow* (who, by the bye, is no widow at all, but a widow bewitched), is extremely interesting and diverting, combining much of the pathos of WILSON with the quaint humour of GALT. We laughed heartily at the idea of Mr. Pittenween's lingering at the hotel until he had devoured all the sucking pigs. How CHARLES LAMB would have chuckled over this illustration of the wisdom of his Chinese philosopher who first instructed the Celestial Empire in the value of roasted piggy-wiggies.

As much as been advanced lately against duelling, we extract Gerald's defence of it, as the very best we have ever met with, premising, however, that we by no means agree in his conclusions:—

"I have always considered duelling as a law of society which does infinite good, and which society feels to be a necessary one. We may all say what we please about its being disgraceful to Christian men; and so it is; but the disgrace is in the necessity, and not in the law. It is very disgraceful in an enlightened age to have such a thing as a standing army, criminal courts of justice, and hired men to protect us from injury on the public streets: but as nobody can deny the necessity of these, it is idle to disclaim against them. I regard duelling as a law of society by which every man is benefited, and which every man who believes so is bound, when called upon, to sustain, as a law which prevents a thousand crimes, and nips the causes of ten thousand thousand in the bud, and at the expense of fewer victims to its penalty, than any enforced scheme which man's wisdom could devise; for the number of lives sacrificed to it in any single year, among the classes which acknowledge it, is a trifle to those which are lost by intemperate passions, where no such check prevails; to say nothing of other crimes, which have often their source in the broken peace of the heart, I believe, in spite of all that is said against it, that its necessity is generally felt; for we cannot take for granted that men of such high character, as some of those who have obeyed it, have done so from the paltry cause assigned to them."

We extract the interview between Jessie and Gerald, previous to the duel, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers. Suspecting a hostile meeting is in contemplation, Jessie, regardless of the reserve she had hitherto maintained towards her lover, obeys the impulse of her feelings, and, proceeding to Mrs. Macoir's, is ushered into Gerald's apartment:—

"I know it all!" said Jessie, looking up through her tears when he had her hand again.

"Gerald was taken too much by surprise to speak.

"I know it all!" repeated Jessie, "Duncan Brantome has left us—I know on what purpose. Your mother tells me you leave home to-morrow—I know on what errand. I could not rest till I saw you. I have told no one. You must promise me," she said, clasping his hand closely, "you must promise me not to meet Alfred Murdoch." Gerald raised her hand to his lips, but said nothing.

"Why don't you answer me," exclaimed Jessie, "but you will not, you cannot refuse. Say you will not meet Alfred Murdoch. Think of your mother; it would kill her if she knew on what purpose you would leave home to-morrow—but you will not leave. Promise me, promise me that first. You will not," continued Jessie, while her tears fell faster and faster. Think of your mother and sister; and I, I am the cause of all! Hear me, hear me!" continued Jessie passionately, "I, and I only, am to blame for this. You never liked Alfred Murdoch,—I saw it from the first, but I was angry at your manner, and made mine give you pain, and many, many a time, have I reproached myself for this. Oh! I could tell you so much!"

"Your fears aggravate slight matters to serious things," stammered Gerald.

"Do not speak in that way. Be as frank as I am. God help me! I am a poor weak girl. Do not attempt to conceal from me what I already know. Last night I waited to see you to bid you good bye—to ask you to come to the castle to-day, for I could not go to rest while you still were there, and as you passed through the ante-room, I heard you and Duncan Brantome speak of something which had happened between yourself and Alfred Murdoch, and of his coming here to-day. Now he has been, and has taken leave of us, to the surprise of everybody but me. Oh! I see it all!" cried Jessie, clasping her hands again, and striking them against her bosom.

"You see it in a worse light than it really is," said Gerald.

"No, no, no. But you can stop the matter yet. You must not commit this dreadful crime. Promise me! If you knew how wretched all this makes me. Promise first—before you say any thing else—promise me, promise me," continued Jessie, wringing her hands, and turning her beautiful eyes imploringly towards him.

"Don't let us speak of it," said Gerald hastily, who was nearly as agitated as herself. "Trust me; I will do nothing that you shall have reason to reproach me for. If you knew the cause, and valued my honour, you would not ask me what you do."

"You will kill me, if you speak in that way," said the excited girl, with her dark eyes sparkling through her tears. "I can see nothing,—I know nothing but the crime you meditate, and what the dreadful, dreadful consequences may be. And Oh! to think that I should have occasioned them!"

"You!" exclaimed Gerald.

"Yes, I, and I alone. I allowed you to think I loved another when my heart was wholly yours. I played a vile part—had I but been honest at the first! but you were so cold to me, so very cold! In deceiving you, I deceived others, and it brought results I never dreamt of, although, had I but thought, I might have seen them ere they came. But I did not think—and your manner changed so. I was very unhappy—but oh, this is worse than all!"

"Alfred Murdoch was one of those deceived," said Gerald.

"He!" exclaimed Jessie indignantly, "he never was. He saw the part I played, though you did not; and took most ungenerous advantage of it. But (dashing the tears from her eyes) make me happy by the promise I ask of you. I was so happy last night—so very, very happy!"

"God bless you!" cried Gerald, "you have made the world a paradise to me; but my head is dizzy, and I cannot speak coherently as my heart would prompt. Give me your hand again, for I doubt my own happiness."

"Why do you not answer me?" said she reproachfully, "can it be, that you are still determined to commit this crime?"

Her lover still temporizes.

"Gerald," said Jessie (it was the first time she had addressed him thus, and the little word rang musically in his very heart), "I cannot argue questions of honour with you; but will honour give your mother a son, or your sister a brother? I shall not speak of my own feelings," said Jessie, with fresh tears starting to her eyes, "but—but, if you can put this false honour in competition with the agony of all who love you—you are committing a crime, were the act itself no sin. But it is a fearful one—evil must follow it. My heart is torn; nay, nay, it is in your own power to prevent all that I dread, and why don't you answer me?"

"The affection you shew," said Gerald, firmly—for her words, though they pained, had steeled him too—"the love which I cannot doubt, makes me more jealous of the honour which will be yours. It is no false one. Do you think that if I could be content to endure disgrace myself, I could ask you to share it? Could I call myself the protector of another, if I dared not protect myself? My arm would wither while you hung on it. I should drag you to the dust with me, were I mean enough to allow you to share my ignominy. No, no, this is a foolish matter, but it must pass—there is no choice really left to me, for the alternative is too odious for a

thought; and you will one day acknowledge that I acted as I must have done."

"Hear me," cried Jessie, while her eyes sparkled, and the checked tears trembled in them; "I tell you—and it is the last thing I can urge—that if you fight this duel, much as I love you—and you never can know how much!—I take heaven to witness, I will never be your wife. My heart shall break first!"

"For God's sake, do not speak so."

The promise is at length given, but it is not kept.

We take our leave of these very pleasant volumes, earnestly recommending to the author a more careful consideration in the construction of his plots. We shall hail the appearance of his next work, confident of deriving increased gratification from its perusal, and finding his improvement as progressive as heretofore.

Tales of the Camp and Cabinet, by Colonel JOHN MONTMORENCY TUCKER. London, 1844. Newby.

THIS is an olio on a plan similar to Greig's *Chelsea Pensioners* and *Tales from the Great St. Bernard*. It professes to be the Sayings and Doings of a club, chiefly military, established in the winter of 1842, at the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, at Nice, compiled and prepared for the press by Colonel JOHN MONTMORENCY TUCKER. We like the ingredients of this *olla podrida* better than the cooking. Nevertheless, in spite of the slip-slop style in which the dish is served up, it will not be found unpalatable. These volumes will serve to while away an idle hour at a watering-place while indulging in the *dolce far niente* of what THEODORE HOOK termed *horizontal refreshment* on the superficies of a *chaise longue*.

The first tale, it must be confessed, is somewhat too startling for that perfect repose, that gentle enjoyment, we look for in such a position, being neither more nor less than the life of one who seemed to grudge the possession of life in others. Ugh! what a terrible Turk was this celebrated Carlist chief, CABRERA! what a remorseless wholesale butcher in human blood! we sicken—we tremble with indignation as we read. What boots courage, or skill, or activity, in such a cut-throat? These qualities are more than neutralized by his abominable ferocity. They become absolutely pernicious, inasmuch as they increase his power of doing evil, and extend the number of his victims. The following will give the reader a tolerable idea of what this celebrated Guerillero and his satellites really were:—

"Naturally gay, his cholera was easily raised, and when under its dominion he was furious. His officers, instead of endeavouring to restrain his passion, incited him. It is recounted that some days prior to the arrival of Oraa before Morella, he had assembled at dinner the whole of his staff. After the commencement of the repast, the conversation fell on what should be done to the prisoners that might be taken. It was agreed upon that *chiefs* should be shot without pity. During the evening, when the wine, which circulated briskly, had heated their imaginations, from *chiefs* they came to *officers*, and afterwards to *under officers*. At the end of the orgie it was decided that no quarter should be given, even to the *soldiers*. Cabrera took part in these orgies, and got intoxicated as well as the others. He afterwards believed that he was bound by his word, and he executed, by boasting, that which he swore to in a moment of great excitement."

Passing over "The Début of Malibran at La Scala," "The Life of Major Balfour," the narration of Don Francisco Perez, the extraordinary ghost story of which Bluff Blucher (!) is the hero, "The Legend of Lombardy," and the biography of "Handsome Jack" (all pretty pick-tooth reading), we call a halt for a moment, and pay a flying visit to Ensign Patrick O'Shaughnessey, *ci-devant* excise-officer, and captivator of the high-born Norah O'B—, the daughter of an Hibernian baronet. The eccentricities of this extraordinary couple form the most amusing portion of the work. The account of

Pat's undressing and washing his nine children on the deck of the transport, and handing them down to his wife in succession through the skylight in the cabin, is very laughable. So is Pat's defence at the Court of Inquiry—his fright in the Bomb-proof—his *marking on the crow* (an old stock joke, by the bye, and attributed to fifty individuals), and the anecdote about Greenwood and Cox, which we extract:—

"Upon the regiment's arrival in England, after the termination of the Peninsula campaign, Pat was attached to the second battalion. After the battle of Waterloo, he, with many others, was placed on the half-pay. He then went up to London, and nothing would convince him but that the agents, Greenwood and Cox, were in his debt, and owed him sixty pounds. On applying to them, they repeatedly told him that, instead of a balance in his favour, he was actually in their debt. He repaired to the Duke of York, at the Horse Guards, and asked for an audience, which was granted. The Duke, no doubt, was surprised at his singular appearance and manners. Pat commenced by telling the Duke, 'May it please your Royal Highness, I am come to make a complaint of them Greenwood and Cox, who won't pay me sixty pounds that they owe me.' The Duke replied that he was certain Messrs. Greenwood and Cox would act with justice, and pay him what was due to him. On this Pat returned to the office again, but this verbal message had no effect upon them, although he told them he had come from their master. Back again he went, and, without any ceremony, walked into the Duke's apartments, and again addressed him, saying, 'I can get no good of them Greenwoods. But your Royal Highness, if yez give me a little bit of paper under your hand, they can't refuse me.' The good-natured Duke, in fits of laughter, gave him a bit of paper, as Pat said, ordering him to be paid. With this he returned exultingly and quickly to Greenwood and Cox's and instantly received the sixty pounds, which the poor fellow was, however, robbed of that very evening, in passing up a crowded part of the Strand.

"What became of this extraordinary man I never could learn."

We dismiss this *pot-pourri* with a description of Napoleon's presenting the eagle to one of his new regiments:—

"The time was early morn. The regiment was formed in three serried columns, their fronts towards the centre; the fourth interval being filled up by the general staff and the suite of the Emperor. As soon as Napoleon arrived, the officers placed themselves in advance in one sole rank. Mounted on one of his chamois-coloured chargers, he was distinguished by the simplicity of his dress from all those who accompanied him—who, decked in brilliant uniforms, richly embroidered in gold or silver with numerous orders, formed a singular contrast to him. After receiving the commands of Napoleon, the Prince of Wagram, in his quality of Major-General, dismounted, and directed the colour to be uncased. The drum immediately beat, while Berthier was receiving the eagle from the hands of an officer; he approached, and halted with it before the Emperor. The latter, uncovering, saluted it, and taking off his glove, elevated his right hand towards the eagle, and with a solemn and impressive voice and manner, pronounced these words:—

"Soldiers! I confide to you THE FRENCH EAGLE! I confide it to your valour and patriotism! It will serve you as a guide and rallying point. Will you swear never to abandon it? Will you swear to live and die for it? Will you swear to prefer death to the dishonour of having it wrenched from your hands? Will you swear, all?"

"And Napoleon emphatically pronounced the words 'Will you swear?' above all the rest, and with such energy, that they became a signal; for all the officers flourished their swords in the air, while the soldiers, with the same enthusiasm, joined in the cry of 'Yes, yes! we swear! we swear!' Berthier then returned the eagle into the hands of its former bearer, when the regiment formed into open column, defiled before the Emperor to the sound of music, and the enthusiastic cries a thousand times repeated of 'Vive l'Empereur!' which were uttered in a sort of frenzy."

POETRY.

Poems. By COVENTRY PATMORE. London, 1844.
E. Moxon.

MR. PATMORE belongs to a school of poetry of which ALFRED TENNYSON is the living oracle, although his inspirations are not quite original, being borrowed in part from the prophets famous among our fathers under the cognomen of the Lake School. But, in fairness, it must be admitted that TENNYSON brought to his task very considerable genius of his own, and that much of the ore drawn from other storehouses has been so changed in form and almost in substance in its passage through the crucible of his mind, as to entitle him to the honours of a master of his art, if not of a creator. In many respects he improved upon his progenitors, and of living poets there are few who can establish a better claim to respect than he.

But Mr. PATMORE has unhappily followed in the footsteps of TENNYSON, himself a follower, and the light which we may worthily admire when seen in its first reflection becomes dim and doubtful when again reflected. Hence it is that PATMORE has made no noise in the world, spite of very considerable merits, nor will he produce a *sensation*, until he fairly throws off his leading-strings, and resolves to go alone. He may possibly fail in the attempt; it may be that he has not in him the nerve and thews to stand upright, self-sustained, independent of any foreign help, and firm in the faith of his manhood. But, if nature hath forbidden him to be a poet, the sooner he finds out his incapacity the better for himself and his friends, for it may save to society a valuable worker in some other walk, while it spares to critics the irksome toil of fault-finding, to himself the pain of being compelled to hear unwelcome truths, and to his friends, mayhap, the cost of maintaining a lank-ribbed author and a barefooted family.

We confess that Mr. PATMORE's volume has fairly puzzled us. Usually it happens that a few pages of any poems are sufficient to enable the practised reader to form a sufficiently accurate judgment of the measure of the poet's capacity. If the man have genius in him, it is wont to flash and sparkle here and there, even through the densest mist of ignorance of the mechanism of poetry. Where the spirit abides, it will come forth and make itself audible; and he who is wont to watch and wait with venerating love for the oracles of true genius will hear their slightest whisperings, and *feel* them thrilling through his heart long before his calmer reason recognizes their divinity. On the other hand, where genius is wanting in the writer, whatever his other excellences in flow of words, sweetness of sentiment, music of metre, there the tameness of inanity takes hold of the mind, and puts it asleep, instead of stirring every nerve in the frame, as by a trumpet's voice, which is the glorious faculty of genius.

Now, both of these tests fail us in the perusal of Mr. PATMORE's volume. Certainly, there is not the unmistakable impress of genius upon it, but it is sufficiently beyond the hopeless hum-drum usually called Poetry to exempt it from the entire and instant condemnation which it is mercy to the mistaken people who make it to annihilate at once. Often when we light upon a striking passage here and there, and exclaim with delight "This is poetry!" we are haunted by the ghost of something strangely like it in TENNYSON, or COLERIDGE, or WORDSWORTH, and forthwith we fall into sad perplexity to determine how much of the merit is due to Mr. PATMORE's genius, and how much to his memory.

The excellences of the school from which these poems have emanated are a large-hearted sympathy with nature and man, leading its followers to look for poetry in common things and common life, equally as amid the rarest and grandest of God's works, and vivid pictorial effects,

produced by an unambitious description of objects and sentiments simply as they are, without obscuring them in a mist of words, as was the fashion in the preceding age, when poetry was a mechanical art. Thought goes for something with our new school, and rhythm, rhyme, and phrase are but secondary considerations, ever made to yield to the demands of the thought as conceived by the poet.

Their defects grow out of their excellences. Seeking to shun one fault, they rush into its opposite. In their hatred of stilts, they go about slipshod; fearing to be too fine, they do not shrink from tatters and patches, and their thoughts are often thrust forth naked upon the *charity* of the critic, when a little adornment would have recommended them to his friendship. Again, they *affect* simplicity too much, and affectation, even of a virtue, is offensive. The simplicity we love is that which lies rather in the idea than in the language; but the satellites of the luminaries that formed the constellation of THE LAKES very much mistake a certain poverty of words for simplicity of expression, and taking a thought which is any thing but simple, they put it into the dialect of children, and so obtain for themselves among the people who cannot look below forms and surfaces the reputation of being silly, when they are self-flattered with the notion they have triumphantly accomplished the simple.

We know that the gibe is undeserved in fact, but it is a fault in writers to give occasion for it, and especially when the ridicule may be avoided with advantage even to the work whose quaint performance has kindled the laugh.

MR. PATMORE's poems exhibit all the faults we have described as belonging to his school, and some of them in an exaggerated form; he is even more careless than his compeers of the mechanism of his verse, more slovenly in his diction, and more frequently he carries his affectation of simplicity to the very verge of silliness. If he be a young man, these are errors which may be amended. Youth is always imitative, and it is sure to imitate the imperfections instead of the excellences of its models, and for this reason, that the latter are beyond its reach. In hope that he may be young, and that age may do for him as it did for all the great men whom the world has seen, we shall look with considerable curiosity into his next adventure in the flowery fields of poetry. By that he must stand or fall.

In the passages which we have marked for extract, we have sought for merits not for defects. The following, which are the best pages in the volume, will, therefore, be unimpeachable witnesses to establish the truth of the comments we have offered, and certain it is that Mr. PATMORE will appear to our readers to greater advantage than to a reader of the volume whence these specimen flowers have been gathered.

The first poem is called "The River," and is certainly the best in the volume, abounding in pretty descriptions, from which two may be taken.

THE MANOR HOUSE.

"It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound;
And all about that large expanse
A River ruaneth round.
Upon a rise, where single oaks,
And clumps of beeches tall,
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
Half-hidden amidst them all,
Resteth in quiet dignity,
An ancient manor-hall.
Around its many gable-ends,
The swallows wheel their flight;
Its huge fantastic weather-vanes
Look happy in the light;
Its warm face through the foliage gleams,
A comfortable sight.

The ivy'd turrets seem to love
The murmur of the bees;
And though this manor-hall hath seen
The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
Its wealth of swelling trees!

The leafy summer-time is young;
The yearling lambs are strong;
The sunlight glanceth merrily;
The trees are full of song;
The plain and polish'd River flows
Contentedly along.

Beyond the River, bounding all,
A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief
Extended, hand in hand.
Their shadows from the setting sun
Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound, in the silent night,
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at every burst of barks,
The hills bark back again."

EVENING.

"The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the distant owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir;
The River seems to think;
Athwart the dusk, the lotus broad
Looks coolly from its brink,
Where, listening to the freshet's noise,
The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past; the white moths rise,
Like spirits from the ground;
The grey-flies hum their weary tune,
A distant, dream-like sound;
And far, far off, to the slumberous eve,
Bayed an old guard-hound."

A passage from a long and somewhat heavy poem,
"Lilian," is respectably written.

LILIAN.

"She could see me coming to her with the vision of the hawk;
Always hastened on to meet me, heavy passion in her walk;
Low tones to me grew lower, sweetening so her honey talk,
That it filled up all my hearing; drown'd the voices of the birds,
The voices of the breezes, and the voices of the herds;
For to me the lowest ever were the loudest of her words.

A paleness, as of beauty fainting through its own excess . . .
But how discourse of features whose least action could express
What, while it made them lovely, far surpass'd all loveliness!

Even when alone together, looks, no utterance can define,
Mark'd now and then soul-wanderings, that confirm'd her half-
divine:

High treasure, ten times treasured for not seeming wholly
mine!

On her face, then and for ever, was the seriousness within.
Her sweetest smiles (and sweeter did a lover never win)
Ere half-done grew so absent, that they made her fair cheek
thin.

On her face, then and for ever, thoughts unworded used to live;
So that when she whisper'd to me, 'Better joy earth cannot
give!'

Her lips, though shut, continued, 'But earth's joy is fugitive.'

For there a nameless something, though suppressed, still
spread around;

The same was on her eyelids if she looked towards the ground;
When she spoke, you knew directly that the same was in the
sound;

A fine dissatisfaction, which at no time went away,
But mingled with her laughter, even at its brightest play,
Till it touched you like the sunshine in the closing of the day.

This still and saint-like beauty, and a difference between
Our years, (she numbered twenty, mine were scarcely then
eighteen,)

Made my love the blind idolatry which it could not else have
been.

Her presence was the garden where my soul breathed heavenly
free,
And lived in naked silence, and felt no perplexity.
When alone with Time I killed him, with a wild and headlong
glace."

These, it must be confessed, are *very à la TENNYSON*,
but wanting his richness of thought. Mr. PATMORE's
verses are too often the veriest prose put into metre. In
all the 157 pages we cannot find half-a-dozen passages
that have poetry enough in them to permit us to extract
them. Indeed it is with some difficulty we have lighted
upon this last, with which we close, not because we wish
to do so, but because the material is exhausted.

GERALDINE.

"Geraldine, the sun is out!
Let us leave this busy rout;
Men and women, girls and boys,
All the city's stir and noise.
Come! and, while we rove along,
I will chant thee such a song!
Song so full of praise, I wist,
'Tis not girlhood's to resist.—
Why do sceptic flittings fine
Wreath thy red lips, Geraldine?

We are in the fields. Delight!
Look around! The bird's-eyes bright
Pink-tipp'd daisies; sorrel red,
Drooping o'er the lark's green bed;
Oxlips; glazed buttercups,
Out of which the wild bee sips;
See! they dance about thy feet!
Play with, pluck them, little Sweet!
Some affinity divine
Thou hast with them, Geraldine.

Now, sweet wanton, toss them high;
Race about, you know not why.
Now stand still, from sheer excess
Of exhaustless happiness.
I, meanwhile, on this old gate,
Sit sagely calm, and perhaps relate
Lore of fairies. Do you know
How they make the mushrooms grow?
Ah! what means that shout of thine?
You can't tell me, Geraldine.

Shall I call thy voice's ringing
Talking, laughing, or wild singing?
April rain through waving trees;
Plashings cool of sunlit seas;
Breezes in the bearded corn;
Robins piping on the thorn;
Prattling brooks in pebbled dells;
Clearest chimes of silver bells;—
None so glad as voice of thine,
Joyous, laughing Geraldine.

Who hath eyes so soft as you—
Such translucent shady blue?
Poets, men of all the earth
Truest judges of true worth,
Steal the life of their sweet books
From the heaven of such looks,
Though Love doom them, every man,
To punishment Promethean.—
Where are those sceptic flittings fine,
That wreath'd thy red lips, Geraldine?"

*The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English
Verse.* By HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON. London,
1844. Longman and Co.

WHATEVER is most difficult of accomplishment is sure
to be selected by young aspirants after the honours
of authorship. The schoolboy writes a tragedy or an
epic, and the child of larger growth—the man, as he
enters upon the world, and before he can possibly have
acquired any other knowledge of it than is to be obtained
through the false medium of books, throws off a novel
in three volumes that professes to paint men and women
as they are, but really presents to us a company of
shadows, and not a party of creatures of flesh and blood,
for whom alone the reader can feel any sympathy. So
with translations. Everybody affects to translate; even

those who never aspire to the perpetration of originalities. What more easy than this, they seem to think. Given a dictionary, a pen and a sheet of paper, and a prose translation may be effected by the veriest tyro; add the use of the ten fingers to count the syllables withal, and a rhyming dictionary, and lo! a poetical translation is concocted, with some toil certainly, but with a labour that is little more than mechanical.

Such is the common notion of the business of a translator. But how different are the actual requirements! To deserve the name, he should be but little inferior to his original; his mind must be cast in the same mould. For, in the first place, a translation does not consist in turning a certain number of words of one language into equivalent words of another language, but the ideas which the author breathed in his own tongue are to be by his translator breathed into a different tongue. It is a transference of the spirit from that shape to this, and it should be so done that in both it shall still be felt to be the same, though entirely changed in outward form.

The almost insuperable difficulties that lie in the pathway of a translator arise from this, that there is a connection between the *words* and *thoughts* of all authors, the one moulding and tempering the other; indeed, so powerful is this influence of language over thought, that we have little doubt that if the same author could be supposed to think the same thoughts in different languages, they would all differ, not in their dress only, but in their very substance.

Hence it is that literal translations are always dull and displeasing, and that the best are often those which in their aspect are least like the original. To render his master into corresponding ideas, and not merely into like words, is the golden rule of the translator; and to do that well argues the possession of faculties that fit a man for the higher task of original production. Hence the very few good translations; for who would be content with so questionable a fame who could command a prouder reputation on his own account? and yet such high genius only as can create can properly render the creations of genius.

To say, therefore, that Mr. ROBINSON has not succeeded in translating Horace, within our definition of translation, is to say that he is not a second Horace. But we presume that he does not aim at so high a mark. He prefaces his labours with no commentary by way of explanation, but inasmuch as the original is printed on one page, and the translation on the opposite one, we opine that it is his more humble, but not less useful purpose, to help the student of the Latin poet to master the difficulties of perusal, by indicating the meaning of the words as translated by a scholar of taste, such as Mr. ROBINSON certainly proves himself. If we have rightly construed his views, we can commend this volume to students of the classics as admirably adapted to introduce them to the graces of Rome's most graceful poet. The translations are singularly literal, which, for *such* a purpose as that presumed, is a great advantage, although, to secure it, the sacrifice is repeatedly compelled of smoothness of metre, perfection of rhyme, and elegance of composition.

The translation of the ninth ode of the first book,

"Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum,"

will illustrate these remarks.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

"See, how old Soracte's height
Stands with snowy mantle white,
How the forest's labouring bough
Scarce sustains its burden now,
And the river's flow is lost,
Stiffen'd with the icy frost.

Dissolve the cold; upon the fire
Pile the ample faggot higher:

And in thy two-ear'd Sabine bowl,
O Thaliarch, with liberal soul,
From thy cellars draw profuse
The four-years'-old emmellow'd juice.

Leave unto the gods the rest:
They, as soon as their behest
Has lull'd the tempest winds to sleep,
Struggling with the boiling deep;
Nor aged ash nor cypresses
Are longer shaken by the breeze.

What to-morrow may transpire,
Seek, oh! seek not to inquire;
Every day that we obtain
From Fortune, set it down as gain;
Nor, my boy, disdain to prove
The joys of dancing, or of love,

While old age, morose and gray,
Keeps from thy green youth away.
Now oft and oft frequent again
The public walks, the martial plain,
And whisper'd vows at night repeat,
When at the chosen hour you meet.

And let there oft repeated be
The giggling laugh of maiden glee,
Betraying where the damsel lies
In yonder nook, while love's sweet prize
Is from her arm or finger reft,
Which ill resents the wish'd-for theft."

PERIODICALS.

The North American Review.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

The effects of the character of the nation upon its literature are thus described:—

"After the Danes and Saxons had conquered the tribes more barbarous than themselves, some traces of a poetical spirit begin to appear. But the piratical Danes and robber Saxons were men of large fists and small brains; men of many blows and few thoughts; harsh, hard-headed, gruff as northern bears, whom they strongly resembled in temper, manners, and tones of voice. Their language corresponded to the paucity of their ideas; it was brief, snappish, growling; harmonious as the howl of wolves, intelligible as the scream of vultures. The best productions of Anglo-Saxon genius have but little interest, except as the monuments of an ancient race. They are obscure and awkward; they abound in those tricks of assonance and alliteration, that indicate the love of the savage for jingle, and the total absence of art and refinement."

The Normans brought with them some refinement; but even this would not do; the English have ever looked abroad for models in art and literature:—

"Music came from Italy, but, taking cold and growing hoarse in the eternal damps of that seabound realm, fled back again in dismay. John Bull was trained to dance quadrilles by the French, and he has succeeded as well as a dancing bear; the waltz and transcendental philosophy were borrowed from Germany; and surely, in the whole range of modern spectacles, there is not one so well suited to inspire serious reflections upon the uncertainty of human affairs, as an Englishman of the present day attempting to wind through the mazes of a waltz, or to thread a dark problem of Teutonic metaphysics. Historical painting has been attempted, but each attempt has been a failure; portrait-painting has met with a little better success, because that branch of the art appealed to the personal vanity of the Normans,—the most self-conceited race, probably, that ever played off their fantastic tricks before high heaven. But what picture, displaying a particle of original genius, has ever been painted by an Englishman? When, after the burning of the Parliament-house, it was proposed to build a new one, and adorn it with historical pictures, so thoroughly ignorant were the Tin-islanders of the principles of art, that the Government was obliged to send to Bavaria, and entreat the illustrious Cornelius, who is one of the fifty or sixty great historical painters in that small kingdom, to help them out of their distress with his advice. He went over and tried to make the British barbarians comprehend something, but his success was not very encouraging. The world is on

tiptoe to see with what savage embellishment these slow-witted and aping islanders mean to blazon the halls that are destined to hold the wordy wisdom of the nation. He who wishes to know the best that British genius can do in the way of sculpture may look at Chantrey's equestrian statue of George the Fourth, which, with that delicate perception of appropriateness that marks all their insular attempts in the fine arts, is to form part of the monument to Nelson. A recent journal says, 'It may now be seen, as the bard of Blarney singeth,

"Like Alexander or Helen fair,
Standing all naked in the open air,
Nigh the cocked-hat column of Trafalgar-square.'"

The statue of the profligate King, whose knavery degraded him even in the eyes of British blacklegs, is a fit companion to a monument raised by the gratitude of the nation to the Admiral-Duke, who shamelessly violated his marriage vows, lived in adulterous connection with a prostitute, and, to complete the tale of his infamy, at her bidding, put to an ignominious death, by hanging, a gray-haired Italian nobleman, who threw himself on British honour, protected, as he imagined, by the express and solemn terms of an amnesty."

Several pages are then devoted to a rapid review of our epic poets, of whose compositions some specimens, by no means flattering, are given.

Having done all this in a manner seemingly serious, the reviewer concludes with this mild rebuke, which certainly falls short of the flagellation deserved:—

"If our readers are surprised at the tone and temper of this article, so unlike any thing which has hitherto appeared in the pages of this journal, we commend them to an attentive perusal of the paper from the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' the title of which we have placed at the head of our remarks; and 'we conclude by saying,' in the words of another of our respected English contemporaries, 'that we have no national prejudices ourselves, nor any wish to foster them in others.'"

The speeches of WEBSTER are the theme of the second article; and then BARROW's *Life and Voyages of Sir F. Drake* is reviewed in a very interesting strain. *Sparks's American Biography* affords a fair opportunity for indulgence of more of that national egotism which the Americans had inherited from John Bull, and now reproduce with an exaggeration that approaches to caricature. The following article on *Sydney Smith's Works* is the gem of the number, and upon this we shall pause to delight the reader with some passages from it.

The spirit in which this review is written is most commendable. It will be in the memory of every reader how severely the reverend wit assailed the people of one of the United States, on account of their repudiation of their bonds, and whose polished weapon wounded them more than all the vigorous attacks made by avowed moralists and would-be-virtuous statesmen. An American reviewer might almost have been excused, had he used his power, for vilifying, through a criticism upon his book, the writer who is asserted so to have wronged his country. But, instead of rage, he has received him with a smile, given him a welcoming grasp, introduced him cordially to all his acquaintances, and mildly answered his indiscriminating warfare. But we must not detain the reader from the article itself, which he will speedily perceive to be singularly well written.

The reviewer admits of SYDNEY SMITH that "his services to humanity and freedom" have "given him the privilege to be a little saucy to republicans." He says, that we like to have his opinion on any public question, "because we know it will generally be shrewd, honest, independent, peculiar in its conception, and racy in its execution." The charm of his writings he conceives to be owing to "that constant intrusion of the writer's individuality, by which we make a companion where we expected to find only a book." The character of his works is thus truly painted:—

"No rules of etiquette bridle his wit or his whims. No fear of being called an egotist or a scoffer, no apprehension of misapprehension, prevents him from indulging the full bent of

his peculiarities. If a certain dress or manner has been long considered the distinctive sign of a profession, he delights to make it the mark of his mocking gibes. Though a clergyman himself, he has no veneration for any of the external badges of his class. To him, there is no sanctity attaching to a sermon by virtue of its name and form; but he judges it as he would any other composition. If it be dull, pedantic, or fanatical, if it inculcate tyranny and justify oppression, if it employ the phraseology of religion to cover the practices of fraud, he treats it with no more courtesy than if it were the latest offspring of Grub-street. He sees something more than wigs and surplices. He never takes the outward sign for the thing signified. No writer is less under the vassalage of names. Piety has, in his mind, no absolute connection with priests, morality none with moralists, government none with governors, liberty none with radicals, law none with judges. It is evident, that such a writer must be continually disturbing the associations of his readers. His independence is to be honoured; for though such distinctions are apparent to reason, it often requires much courage to practise upon them in life, and still more to practise upon them in composition."

The reviewer then proceeds to illustrate his remarks by examples, and these, thus collected, form a carcanet of gems, which not only please at the moment, but are of permanent value. We shall transfer to our columns the most brilliant of them.

ORTHODOX PREACHING.

"Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart, that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation, and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected by a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed further? The prejudices of the English nation have proceeded a good deal from their hatred to the French; and because that country is the native soil of elegance, animation, and grace, a certain patriotic solidity and loyal awkwardness have become the characteristics of this; so that an adventurous preacher is afraid of violating the ancient tranquillity of the pulpit, and the audience are commonly apt to consider the man who tires them less than usual as a trifler or a charlatan."

And again how he smashes

CLERICAL PEDANTS.

"In an article on Dr. Rennel, he ridicules some fooleries in the forgotten writings of that clergyman, and puts the reverend gentleman into the class, numerous at that time, of 'bad heads bawling for the restoration of exploded errors and past infatuation.' The doctor had called the age, among other terms of reproach, a foppish age; and Smith asks, if there is not a class of fops as vain and shallow as any of their fraternity in Bond-street,—'a class of fops not usually designated by that epithet—men clothed in profound black, with large canes, and strange amorphous hats—of big speech and imperative presence—talkers about Plato—great affectors of senility—despisers of women, and all the graces of life—fierce foes to common sense—abusive of the living, and approving no one who has not been dead at least a century.' On being accused of intolerance for some passages in one of his articles, Smith replies, 'They complain of intolerance; a weasel might as well complain of intolerance, when he is throttled for sucking eggs.' In arguing against the horror of some Christians at the thought of indulging even in innocent pleasures, he speaks of them as 'always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull.'"

What profusion of wit is in these bits of

KEEN CRITICISM.

"A foolish alarmist, named Bowles, wrote a furious pamphlet in 1802, which Smith describes as being 'written in the genuine spirit of the Windham and Pitt school; though Mr. Bowles cannot be called a servile copyist of either of these gentlemen, as he has rejected the logic of the one, and the eloquence of the other, and imitated them only in their headstrong violence and exaggerated abuse.' An abstract of a play

by Monk Lewis concludes in this wise: 'Orsino stabs his own son, at the moment the king is in his son's power; falls down, from the wounds he has received in battle; and dies in the usual dramatic style, repeating twenty-two hexameter verses.' In a review of a Frenchman's book of travels in England, after making some acute remarks on the mistakes of foreign tourists, Smith adds, 'Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity which has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which well entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence.' The same traveller ends his charges against the English by alleging, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. 'And we must have the candour to allow,' adds the reviewer, 'that the hospitality which Mr. Fievée experienced seems to afford some pretext for this assertion.' Richard Lovell Edgeworth is happily characterized as possessing 'the sentiments of an accomplished gentleman, the information of a scholar, and the vivacity of a first-rate harlequin. He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state, he must have written on or burst. A discharge of ink was an evacuation absolutely necessary, to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion.' Poor Mrs. Trimmer is informed, in another sharp review, that 'she is a lady who flames in the van of Mr. Newbury's shop; and is, on the whole, dearer to mothers and aunts than any other author who pours the milk of science into the mouths of babes and sucklings.'

"A Mr. Styles answered Smith's paper on Methodism, in a manner which excited considerable anger and invective in the breast of the reviewer. He imputes an intolerant opinion to the sect of his victim, and adds, that 'this reasonable and amiable maxim, repeated in every form of dullness, and varied in every attitude of malignity, is the sum and substance of Mr. Styles's pamphlet.' In noting an objection to a former article based on its use of ridicule rather than argument, Smith proceeds in a strain of wit, which in some degree apologizes for its injustice, to shew, that 'it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a veto upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small-tooth combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed, and cracked, in the manner, and by the instruments, which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out, the greater plainly is the skill used against them.' We believe the impudence of reviewing cannot exceed this.

"In a sharp review of a Mr. Rose, who had attempted to bring the correctness of some facts in Fox's history into dispute, Smith exults over a detection of the errors of Rose's own book, in some characteristic sentences. 'The species of talent which he pretends to is humble—and he possesses it not. He is a braggadocio of minuteness—a swaggering chronologer;—a man bristling up with small facts—prurient with dates—wantoning in obsolete evidence—loftily dull, and haughty in his drudgery;—and yet this is all pretence.' In an article on prisons, Smith refers to the labours of Mrs. Fry, and the extravagance of some of the eulogists of her philanthropy. He advises the prison reformers to support all strong assertions with strong documents, and then slides off into the following exquisite stroke of humour: 'The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money, when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature,—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes.'"

There is too much truth in his brief but bitter commentary upon

DRAMATIC MORALS.

"The morality of all this is the old morality of Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Congreve,—that every witty man may transgress the seventh commandment, which was never meant for

the protection of husbands who labour under the incapacity of making repartees."

Loyalty is a word much abused, but of which Smith has given the true interpretation.

MEANING OF "GOD SAVE THE KING."

"'God save the king,' means, with too many loyalists, 'God save my pension and my place,—God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy-purse,—make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public.' There words are bitter as well as brilliant, and shew that Pennsylvania bonds are not the only iniquitous things in creation."

WITTY SAYINGS OF SMITH.

"The power of giving freshness to a trite remark, of breathing the breath of life into a dead truism, is eminently characteristic of Sydney Smith. Every thing that comes from his mind seems to be original, even when it is old. He touches nothing without modifying its nature or its accredited expression. Many examples might be given of this verbal felicity. He speaks of a great talker, as 'a tremendous engine of colloquial oppression.' The custom of giving the persons of a novel names suited to their characters, he terms 'appellative jocularity.' He refers to the habit of talking about the weather, as 'the train of meteorological questions and answers which form the staple of English polite conversation.'"

CHANCERY.

"Every animal has its enemies; the land tortoise has two enemies,—man, and the boa constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."

Nothing can be more graphic than this picture of

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

"Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, and bruises; every second of your existence, you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your teacup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eggs in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzle,—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures,—to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces."

Ludicrous in the extreme is his description of

THE SCOTCH COVENANTERS.

"With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying *cutaneous* irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to the flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles."

With what heartiness he always lashes the large family of

THE NOODLES.

"Who punishes this bore? What sessions and what asizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds,—the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler gets ready for the Bay, the solid parts of the murdered are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup,—unpunished, untried, undissected; no scaf-

fold, no skeleton, no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession."

Here we close our notice of this able review, at least for the present, though other attractive articles ask attention. It is probable that we may yet return to it.

EDUCATION.

The German Interpreter: or, Original Conversations in English and German. By J. C. MOORE. London, 1844. Balliere.

IN addition to a useful collection of dialogues on the subjects most necessary to tourists, Mr. MOORE has attempted to express in English the proper mode of pronouncing the German; so that a person wholly ignorant of the language may be enabled to make himself understood by simply reading the pronunciation column. All attempts to teach pronunciation by written representations of sound, from Walker downwards, although they assist the student, have been failures as regards correctness, which, it would seem, is only acquirable in any language by the actual practice of speaking amongst natives. Mr. MOORE's book, however, aims less at this than to be useful to the traveller, who, by means of it, may always express his wants, and make himself intelligible. The models of letters, table of coins, forms of promissory notes, and receipts appended to the work, add greatly to its value. To such of our readers as at this holiday season project a tour in Germany, and to the students of the German language, whose labours are unassisted by a master, we cordially recommend this comprehensive and useful book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mind amongst the Spindles; a Selection from the Lowell Offering. (Part II. of Knight's Weekly Volumes for all Readers.) London, 1844. C. Knight and Co.

LOWELL, to which the reports of a succession of delighted travellers have given a European celebrity, is a town in Massachusetts, United States, and one of the most flourishing seats of the manufactures of the republic. The meeting of the rivers Merrimac and Concord at this spot supplies unlimited water-power for machinery. The first attempt to establish the cotton manufacture here was in the year 1813; but the speculation was unprofitable, and in 1826 a company was formed, by whom the almost bankrupt concern was purchased, and with the aid of capital and intelligence, extended to such advantage, that, in the few years which have since elapsed, it has become the metropolis of American manufacture, giving employment to no less than ten thousand persons in thirty mills. Of these operatives, seven thousand are women, for the most part unmarried girls, who migrate thither from distant parts; continue there only so long a time as suffices to enable them to gather a small marriage-portion, and then return to their homes. At Lowell, these women live in boarding-houses, good, substantial, well-furnished edifices, where all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life are to be found. They dress with taste, and study the fashions; they consider domestic service as beneath them; they cultivate music, art, and literature, have their balls and parties, and even have set up a magazine, whose contents are entirely contributed by themselves, and a selection from which is now before us, forming one of Mr. Knight's admirable series of weekly volumes.

This magazine was called *The Lowell Offering*. It was commenced in 1841, appearing monthly. The second volume was completed in December 1842, and the editor in the preface answers after this fashion some sceptical queries which had been put forth:—

"1st. Are all the articles, in good faith and exclusively, the productions of females employed in the mills?' We reply, unhesitatingly and without reserve, that they are, the verses set to music excepted. We speak from personal acquaintance with all the writers, excepting four; and in relation to the latter (whose articles do not occupy eight pages in the aggregate) we had satisfactory proof that they were employed in the mills.

"2nd. Have not the articles been materially amended by the exercise of the editorial prerogative?' We answer, they have not. We have taken less liberty with the articles than editors usually take with the productions of other than the most experienced writers. Our corrections and additions have been so slight as to be unworthy of special note.

"Of the merits of the compositions contained in these volumes their editor speaks with a modest confidence, in which he is fully borne out by the opinions of others:—

"In estimating the talent of the writers for the *Offering*, the fact should be remembered, that they are actively employed in the mills for more than twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The evening, after eight o'clock, affords their only opportunity for composition; and whoever will consider the sympathy between mind and body, must be sensible that a day of constant manual employment, even though the labour be not excessive, must in some measure unfit the individual for the full development of mental power. Yet the articles in this volume ask no unusual indulgence from the critics, for, in the language of *The North American Quarterly Review*,—"many of the articles are such as satisfy the reader at once, that if he has only taken up the *Offering* as a phenomenon, and not as what may bear criticism and reward perusal, he has but to own his error, and dismiss his condescension, as soon as may be."

It is impossible to peruse without a deep interest compositions produced in circumstances so novel; nor does the reader require to exercise an indulgent patience in the performance of his task. The articles, for the most part, will repay perusal. They are written in a tone the most unaffected and unpretending. They do not ape the fine; there is not in them a trace of the *Gent. school*. On the other hand, they are equally free from the taint of coarseness or vulgarity. They are simply natural. The greater portion of the subjects are just such as would be suggested by the circumstances of the writers. They treat of the pleasures, the pains, the joys, the sorrows, of their own occupations; and when they do indulge the imagination, it is to paint the poetry of rural life, not to imitate the ravings of the Minerva Press. It is plain that the girls have been taught in a good school, and that their minds feed upon wholesome food, and the fact that such things can be should stimulate our manufacturers at home to make at least an attempt to follow the example of Lowell.

As the subject is full of interest to the Christian, the philosopher, the legislator, and the politician, we take from the volume before us a letter addressed to the editor by Miss MARTINEAU, containing a graphic picture of this Paradise of Spindles:—

"Tynemouth, May 20, 1844.

"My dear Friend,—Your interest in this Lowell book can scarcely equal mine; for I have seen the factory girls in their Lyceum, and have gone over the cotton-mills at Waltham, and made myself familiar on the spot with factory life in New England; so that in reading the *Offering*, I saw again in my memory the streets of houses built by the earnings of the girls, the church which is their property, and the girls themselves trooping to the mill with their healthy countenances, and their neat dress and quiet manners, resembling those of the tradesman class of our country.

"My visit to Lowell was merely for one day, in company with Mr. Emerson's party, he (the pride and boast of New England as an author and philosopher) being engaged by the Lowell factory people to lecture to them, in a winter course of historical biography. Of course the lectures were delivered in the evening, after the mills were closed. The girls were then working seventy hours a week, yet, as I looked at the large audience (and I attended more to them than to the lecture) I saw no sign of weariness among any of them. There they sat, row behind row, in their own Lyceum—a large hall,

wainscoted with mahogany, the platform carpeted, well lighted, provided with a handsome table, desk, and seat, and adorned with portraits of a few worthies; and as they thus sat listening to their lecturer, all wakeful and interested, all well-dressed and lady-like, I could not but feel my heart swell at the thought of what such a sight would be with us.

"The difference is not in rank, for these young people were all daughters of parents who earn their bread with their own hands. It is not in the amount of wages, however usual that supposition is, for they were then earning from one to three dollars a week, besides their food; the children one dollar (4s. 3d.), the second-rate workers two dollars, and the best three: the cost of their dress and necessary comforts being much above what the same class expend in this country. It is not in the amount of toil; for, as I have said, they worked seventy clear hours per week. The difference was in their superior culture. Their minds are kept fresh, and strong, and free by knowledge and power of thought; and this is the reason why they are not worn and depressed under their labours. They begin with a poorer chance for health than our people; for the health of the New England women generally is not good, owing to circumstances of climate and other influences; but among 3,800 women and girls in the Lowell mills when I was there, the average of health was not lower than elsewhere; and the disease which was the most mischievous was the same that proves most fatal over the whole country—consumption; while there were no complaints peculiar to mill life.

"At Waltham, where I saw the mills, and conversed with the people, I had an opportunity of observing the invigorating effects of MIND in a life of labour. Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. They were not highly educated, but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns. When at work they were amused with thinking over the last book they had read, or with planning the account they should write home of the last Sunday's sermon, or with singing over to themselves the song they meant to practise in the evening; and when evening came, nothing was heard of tired limbs and eagerness for bed, but, if it was summer, they sallied out, the moment tea was over, for a walk, and, if it was winter, to the lecture-room or to the ball-room for a dance, or they got an hour's practice at the piano, or wrote home, or shut themselves up with a new book. It was during the hours of work in the mill that the papers in the *Offering* were meditated, and it was after work in the evenings that they were penned.

"There is, however, in the case of these girls, a stronger support, a more elastic spring of vigour and cheerfulness than even an active and cultivated understanding. The institution of factory labour has brought ease of heart to many; and to many occasion for noble and generous deeds. The ease of heart is given to those who were before suffering in silent poverty, from the deficiency of profitable employment for women, which is even greater in America than with us. It used to be understood there that all women were maintained by the men of their families; but the young men of New England are apt to troop off into the West, to settle in new lands, leaving sisters at home. Some few return to fetch a wife, but the greater number do not, and thus a vast over-proportion of young women remains; and to a multitude of these the opening of factories was a most welcome event, affording means of honourable maintenance, in exchange for pining poverty at home.

"As for the noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes, unconscious of being observed or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honour to the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a college education. She ponders this till she tells her parents, some day, of her wish to go to Lowell, and earn the means of sending her brother to college. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the ministry. Many a clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the

devoted industry of sisters; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness from his sister's, or even some affectionate aunt's entrance upon mill life, for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their father's faces, on account of the farm being incumbered, and age coming on without release from the debt, have gone to Lowell, and worked till the mortgage was paid off, and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labour; and to such girls labour is light and sweet.

"Some, who have no such calls, unite the surplus of their earnings to build dwellings for their own residence, six, eight, or twelve living together with the widowed mother or elderly aunt of one of them to keep house for, and give countenance to the party. I saw a whole street of houses so built and owned, at Waltham; pretty frame-houses, with the broad piazza, and the green Venetian blinds, that give such an air of coolness and pleasantness to American village and country abodes. There is the large airy eating-room, with a few prints hung up, the piano at one end, and the united libraries of the girls, forming a good-looking array of books, the rocking-chairs universal in America, the stove adorned in summer with flowers, and the long dining-table in the middle. The chambers do not answer to our English ideas of comfort. There is there a strange absence of the wish for privacy; and more girls are accommodated in one room than we should see any reason for in such comfortable and pretty houses.

"In the mills the girls have quite the appearance of ladies. They sally forth in the morning with their umbrellas in threatening weather, their calashes to keep their hair neat, gowns of print or gingham, with a perfect fit, worked collars or pelerines, and waistbands of ribbon. For Sundays and social evenings they have their silk gowns, and neat gloves and shoes. Yet through proper economy,—the economy of educated and thoughtful people,—they are able to lay by for such purposes as I have mentioned above. The deposits in the Lowell Savings' Bank were, in 1834, upwards of 114,000 dollars, the number of operatives being 5,000, of whom 3,800 were women and girls.

"I thank you for calling my attention back to this subject. It is one I have pleasure in recurring to. There is nothing in America which necessitates the prosperity of manufactures as of agriculture, and there is nothing of good in their factory system which may not be emulated elsewhere—equalled elsewhere, when the people employed are so educated as to have the command of themselves and of their lot in life, which is always and everywhere controlled by mind, far more than by outward circumstances.

"I am very truly yours,

"H. MARTINEAU."

Enough has been said to commend this little volume to the kind regards of all our readers. It cannot fail to afford them some instruction and much amusement. Upon the principle which THE CRITIC has adopted, of proportioning its notices of books rather to their merits than to their bulk, we cannot close this one, small as it is, without selecting some worthy specimens of *Mind among the Spindles*.

There is admirable sense in this short commentary upon

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

"From whence originated the idea, that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon the female character, to labour? and who was the first to say sneeringly, 'Oh, she works for a living!' Surely such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil. The time has been when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment.

"Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the linen of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving, until her husband returned to Ithaca. And, in later times, the wife of George the Third, of England, has been represented as spending a whole evening in hemming pocket-handkerchiefs, while her daughter Mary sat in the corner darning stockings.

"Few American fortunes will support a woman who is above

the calls of her family; and a man of sense in choosing a companion to jog with him through all the up-hills and down-hills of life, would sooner choose one who *had* to work for a living, than one who thought it beneath her to soil her pretty hands with manual labour, although she possessed her thousands. To be able to earn one's own living by labouring with the hands should be reckoned among female accomplishments; and I hope the time is not far distant when none of my countrywomen will be ashamed to have it known that they are better versed in useful than they are in ornamental accomplishments."

To exhibit the strain of the lighter literature, take the tale of

THE FIG-TREE.

"It was a cold winter's evening. The snow had fallen lightly, and each tree and shrub was bending beneath its glittering burden. Here and there was one, with the moonbeams gleaming brightly upon it, until it seemed, with its many branches, touched by the ice-spirit, or some fairy-like creation, in its loveliness and beauty. Every thing was hushed in Dridonville.

"Situated at a little distance was a large white house, surrounded with elm-trees, in the rear of which, upon an eminence, stood a summer-house; and in the warm season might have been seen many a gay lady reclining beneath its vine-covered roof. No pains had been spared to make the situation desirable. It was the summer residence of Capt. Wilson. But it was now mid-winter, and yet he lingered in the country. Many were the questions addressed by the villagers to the old gardener, who had grown grey in the captain's service, as to the cause of the long delay; but he could not, or would not, answer their inquiries.

"The shutters were closed, the fire burning cheerfully, and the astral lamp throwing its soft mellow light upon the crimson drapery and rich furniture of one of the parlours. In a large easy chair was seated a gentleman, who was between fifty and sixty years of age. He was in deep and anxious thought; and ever and anon his lip curled, as if some bitter feeling was in his heart. Standing near him was a young man. His brow was open and serene; his forehead high and expansive, and his eyes beamed with an expression of benevolence and mildness. His lips were firmly compressed, denoting energy and decision of character.

"You may be seated," said Capt. Wilson, for it was he who occupied the large chair, the young man being his only son. "You may be seated, Augustus," and he cast upon him a look of mingled pride and scorn. The young man bowed profoundly, and took a seat opposite his father. There was a long pause, and the father was the first to break silence. "So you intend to marry a beggar, and suffer the consequences. But do you think your love will stand the test of poverty, and the sneer of the world? for I repeat, that not one farthing of my money shall you receive, unless you comply with the promise which I long since made to my old friend, that our families should be united. She will inherit his vast possessions, as there is no other heir. True, she is a few years your senior; but that is of no importance. Your mother is older than I am. But I have told you all this before. Consider well ere you choose between wealth and poverty."

"Would that I could conscientiously comply with your request," replied Augustus; "but I have promised to be protector and friend to Emily Summerville. She is not rich in this world's goods; but she has what is far preferable—a contented mind; and you will allow that, in point of education, she will compare even with Miss Clarkson." In a firm voice he continued, "I have made my choice, I shall marry Emily;" and he was about to proceed, but his father stamped his foot, and commanded him to quit his presence. He left the house, and as he walked rapidly towards Mr. Grant's, the uncle of Miss Summerville, he thought how unstable were all earthly possessions, and why, he exclaimed, "why should I make myself miserable for a little paltry gold? It may wound my pride at first to meet my gay associates; but that will soon pass away, and my father will see that I can provide for my own wants."

"Emily Summerville was the daughter of a British officer, who for many years resided in the pleasant village of Dridonville. He was much beloved by the good people for his activity and benevolence. He built the cottage occupied by Mr. Grant.

On account of its singular construction, it bore the name of the 'English cottage.' After his death it was sold, and Mr. Grant became the purchaser. There Emily had spent her childhood. On the evening before alluded to, she was in their little parlour, one corner of which was occupied by a large fig-tree. On a stand were geraniums, rose-bushes, the African lily, and many other plants. At a small table sat Emily, busily engaged with her needle, when the old servant announced Mr. Wilson. "Oh, Augustus, how glad I am you are come!" she exclaimed; as she sprung from her seat to meet him; "but you look sad and weary," she added, as she seated herself by his side, and gazed inquiringly into his face, the mirror of his heart. "What has happened? you look perplexed."

"Nothing more than I have expected for a long time," was the reply; and it was with heartfelt satisfaction that he gazed on the fair creature by his side, and thought she would be a star to guide him in the way of virtue. He told her all. And then he explained to her the path he had marked out for himself. "I must leave you for a time, and engage in the noise and excitement of my profession. It will not be long, if I am successful. I must claim one promise from you, that is, that you will write often, for that will be the only pleasure I shall have to cheer me in my absence."

"She did promise; and when they separated at a late hour, they dreamed not that it was their last meeting on earth.

"Oh, uncle," said Emily, as they entered the parlour together one morning, "do look at my fig-tree; how beautiful it is. If it continues to grow as fast as it has done, I can soon sit under its branches." "It is really pretty," replied her uncle; and he continued, laughing and patting her cheek, "you must cherish it with great care, as it was a present from — now don't blush; I do not intend to speak his name, but was merely about to observe, that it might be now as in olden times, that as *he* prospers, the tree will flourish; if he is sick, or in trouble, it will decay."

"If such are your sentiments," said Emily, "you will acknowledge that thus far his path has been strewn with flowers."

"Many months passed away, and there was indeed a change. The tree that had before looked so green, had gradually decayed, until nothing was left but the dry branches. But she was not superstitious: "It might be," she said, "that she had killed it with kindness." Her uncle never alluded to the remark he had formerly made; but Emily often thought there might be some truth in it. She had received but one letter from Augustus, though she had written many.

"Summer had passed, and autumn was losing itself in winter. Augustus Wilson was alone in the solitude of his chamber.—There was a hectic flush upon his cheek, and the low hollow cough told that consumption was busy. Was that the talented Augustus Wilson? he whose thrilling eloquence had sounded far and wide? His eyes were riveted upon a withered rose. It was given him by Emily on the eve of his departure, with these words, 'Such as I am, receive me. Would I were of more worth, for your sake.'

"No," he musingly said; "it is not possible she has forgotten me. I will not, cannot believe it." He arose, and walked the room with hurried steps, and a smile passed over his face, as he held communion with the bright images of the past. He threw himself upon his couch, but sleep was a stranger to his weary frame.

"Three weeks quickly passed, and Augustus Wilson lay upon his death-bed. Calm and sweet was his slumber, as the spirit took its flight to the better land. And O, it was a sad thing to see that father, with the frost of many winters upon his head, bending low over his son, entreating him to speak once more; but all was silent. He was not there; nought remained but the beautiful casket: the jewel which had adorned it was gone. And deep was the grief of the mother; but, unlike her husband, she felt she had done all she could to brighten her son's pathway in life. She knew not to what extent Captain W. had been guilty.

"Augustus was buried in all the pomp and splendour that wealth could command. The wretched father thought in this way to blind the eyes of the world. But he could not deceive himself. It was but a short time before he was laid beside his son at Mount Auburn. Several letters were found among his papers, but they had not been opened. Probably he thought that by detaining them, he should induce his son to

marry the rich Miss Clarkson, instead of the poor Emily Summerville.

"Emily Summerville firmly stood amidst the desolation that had withered all her bright hopes in life. She had followed her almost idolized uncle to the grave; she had seen the cottage, and all the familiar objects connected with her earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers; but there was not a sigh, nor a quiver of the lip, to tell of the anguish within. She knew not that Augustus Wilson had entered the spirit-land, until she saw the record of his death in a Boston paper. 'O, if he had only sent me one word,' she said; 'even if it had been to tell me that I was remembered no more, it would have been preferable to this.' The light which had shone so brightly on her pathway was withdrawn, and the darkness of night closed around her.

"Long and fearful was the struggle between life and death; but when she arose from that sick-bed, it was with a chastened spirit. 'I am young,' she thought, 'and I may yet do much good.' And when she again mingled in society, it was with a peace that the world could neither give nor take away.

"She bade adieu to her native village, and has taken up her abode in Lowell. She is one of the class called 'factory girls.' She recently received the letters intercepted by Capt. Wilson, and the melancholy pleasure of perusing them is halloved by the remembrance of him who is 'gone, but not lost.'

"I ONE."

Mr. KNIGHT has shewn his wonted good taste in selecting this for so early a volume of his *Weekly Library for all Readers*. We think, too, that it is due to him to state that he has announced his intention not to avail himself of the laws which as yet allow foreign books to be pirated, but to contribute a portion of the profits (if any) of this publication towards the establishment of a library and reading-room at Lowell. We trust ere long to see an International Copyright Law established between England and America.

Textile Manufactures of Great Britain. By G. DODD. "Knight's Weekly Miscellanies." No. 5. 1844.

THIS volume of Mr. KNIGHT's valuable series is by the author of the *Visits to Factories*, which all readers of the *Penny Magazine* are acquainted with. It gives an interesting account, drawn from personal observation, of the Woollen, Worsted and Stuff, Flax and Linen, Silk, and Lace and Bobbin-net manufactures, which are the principal textile fabrics of Great Britain. These manufactures employ nearly two millions of persons; but if we were to add to these the milliners, sempstresses, tailors, shoemakers, straw-bonnet-makers, furriers, hatters, and the numbers of artisans employed indirectly in the production of clothing in this country, as pin-makers, needle-makers, button-makers, &c. we should have even then but an imperfect idea of the benefits gained by a freedom from all sumptuary laws, which would have been intensely injurious if only they could have ever been strictly enforced.

Guide to Government Situations, shewing the extent, nature, and value of the Government Civil Patronage, with the Manner of its Disposal. London, 1844. C. Mitchell.

THOUGH in the civil service of the Crown a most extensive field has for centuries lain open to the candidates for employment, one, too, in which exertions are generally adequately rewarded, and where the permanency of the situation is dependent on no caprice or change of circumstances of employers, but rests solely on respectability of conduct, it seems strange that until the publication of this little book, no work calculated to give information on so desirable a subject should have existed. This want, however, can no longer be complained of, since, in the work before us, every particular desirable to be known regarding the various departments

of the public service—the number, value, and respectability of the situations in each, with an outline of the duties attached to them, are succinctly given.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to find that a systematic attempt is about to be made to collect such remains of our older language as are still preserved in the local dialects of the British Islands, and which are fast yielding to the uniformity consequent upon an advanced state of civilization. The Philological Society have just issued a circular requesting information from its members, and from all who may feel an interest in the subject. The points particularly specified are:—1. Words peculiar to the district. 2. Words not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries of the English language. 3. Words employed in significations different from those commonly attached to them. 4. Peculiarities of pronunciation and of grammatical construction. It is their intention, if possible, to make use of this information in the publication of a Dictionary of British Provincialisms, on a more extensive scale than has hitherto been accomplished.

The British Archaeological Association, as we learn from their circular letter, propose to hold their first annual meeting at Canterbury, in the course of this month. We shall give a more particular account of the plan and objects of this society, the establishment of which is an era to all lovers of British antiquities, in our next number.

LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION EXHIBITION.—This exhibition closed on Saturday last, after having been open for a period of six weeks, during which time it has been probably visited by nearly 100,000 persons. As yet, however, we have not been able to ascertain the precise number. Of season tickets there were sold, at 2s. 6d. 3312, and, at 5s. 888. The total number of persons who descended in the diving bell was 3187. The total amount of money received was 4,069l. 12s. 11d. The greatest amount received in one day was 152l. 3s. 3d. and the least 50l. 9s. 6d.—*Liverpool Times*.

A meeting has been held at Bristol, for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the erection of a monument in Bristol Cathedral, to the memory of Dr. Southey. The proceedings were on the whole satisfactory; and Mr. Bailly was named as the sculptor to be employed. The character of the monument is not yet determined on: but as a marking feature of the day, a feeling was very generally entertained that it should be in harmony with the building in which it is to be erected.

COPYRIGHTS.—FROM THE RHINE, AUGUST 6.—The German Diet at Frankfort, conformably to the resolution of November, 1837, is now engaged in extending the law concerning the rights of authors and publishers, and will endeavour to bring about a convention on literary property between different nations; for which purpose negotiations are opened with England, France, and Belgium.

It will be learned with regret that the mother of the late Mr. Banim, the Irish novelist, is in reduced circumstances, in consequence of the death of her granddaughter, with whom the pension settled upon Mr. Banim by Government ceased; Sir Robert Peel not deeming himself justified to continue it to the author's mother; for whom a public subscription is now being made in Ireland.—*Morning Post*.

MUSIC.

THE MUSIC AMONG THE TURKS.

It was not till the reign of Amurath that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks. That prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdad, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper,* that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople, and by these the harmonious art was propagated among the Turks.

Under Mahomet the Fourth it flourished; and was almost brought to its perfection, principally through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was himself a great master of the art, and formed a number of able scholars.

* The Abatè Toderini, from whose valuable work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find this celebrated piece of *Sack-Cule* (for that is the name of this Persian *Timotheus*). But it was never noted, it seems, and is only played by the greatest masters from tradition. In the "Poetical Register," vol. viii. there is an ode by the late Eyles Irwin on the triumph obtained by the Persian musician over the ferocity of Amurath.

The first, however, that applied notes to Turkish airs was Prince Cantemir. His book was dedicated to Sultan Achmet II. and is become very rare.

Although the Turks highly prize this work, they seldom use or imitate it; contenting themselves to compose and execute *memoriter*, according to their ancient custom: so difficult, it seems, is it to reduce to a regular scale of notation the theory of Turkish music. Not that it is without system and rules, as some have too rashly advanced: it has not only all the *times* and sounds of ours, but, possessing quarter tones, is much richer in materials, and consequently more melodious, than ours.

Niebuhr was misinformed when he said that Turks of rank would think themselves dishonoured by learning music. So far from this, it makes a usual part of their education. It is only in public that they disdain to sing or play.

Guer, and after him other writers, have asserted, that in the infirmary of the seraglio there is a concert of vocal and instrumental music from morning to night, for the purpose of soothing the sufferings and exhilarating the spirits of the sick and valetudinarian. But this is absolutely false, as the Abat  Toderini was assured, by a person who had been twenty years a physician of the seraglio.

The musical instruments used by the Turks are:—

1. The *Keman*, resembling our violin.
2. The *Ajakli-keman*, a sort of bass viol.
3. The *Sine-keman*, or the viol d'amour.
4. The *Rebab*, a two-stringed bow-instrument, almost in the form of a sphere; but now little used.
5. The *Tambour*, an eight-stringed instrument, with a long handle, on which the scale of *tones* is marked. It is played upon with a small flexible plate of tortoiseshell.
6. The *Nei*, which is a kind of flute made of cane, the sound of which approaches to that of the German flute, and sometimes to that of the human voice. This is the fashionable instrument among persons of rank.
7. The *Ghirif*, a flute of smaller size.
8. The *Mescal* is composed of twenty-three cane pipes of unequal length, each of which gives three different sounds from the different manner of blowing it.
9. The *Santur*, or psaltery, is the same with ours, and played upon in the same manner.
10. The *Canun*, or psaltery with catgut strings, on which the ladies of the seraglio play, with a sort of tortoiseshell instrument.

These are all chamber instruments. The following are military ones:—

1. The *Zurna*, a sort of oboe.
2. The *Kaba Zurna*, a smaller species of the same.
3. The *Boru*, a tin trumpet.
4. The *Zil*, a Moorish instrument; what we call the cymbal.
5. The *Daul*, a large kind of drum, beaten with two wooden sticks.
6. The *Tombalek*, a small tympanum or drum, of which the diameter is little more than half a foot.
7. The *Kios*, a large copper drum, commonly carried on a camel.
8. The Triangle.
9. An instrument formed of several small bells hung on an inverted crescent, which is fixed on the top of a staff about six feet in height.

The band of the Sultan is truly grand, composed of all the best musicians in Constantinople. They play in unison or in octaves, which practice, though hostile to harmony in the musical sense of the word, is productive of grand martial effect, and is very imposing.

ART.

EXCEPTING the general meeting of the Art-Union of London for the allotment of prizes, and receipt of the report of the Committee, some particulars of which are subjoined, no circumstance of import as regards art has occurred since our last notice.

In the print-trade there seems an utter, and to us unaccountable stagnation; a fact which, whatever may

be the true cause of it, is clearly not attributable to what the printsellers affirm; namely, the dissemination of engravings by the Art-Unions. Meanwhile, if British enterprise and talent in this line of art be in abeyance, our neighbours the French and Germans are active enough, and, observing the state of things in England, prove their sagacity by pouring into the country a deluge of prints, not a few of which (as may be seen in Hering's and other windows) are of a superior class of merit. There must be sale for these, or they would not be continually offered.

It was with extreme pleasure we perceived an advertisement in the daily papers announcing the intention of the committee for the restoration of the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, to commence the work immediately on receipt of sufficient subscriptions to justify their undertaking it. As this church is one of the grandest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture existing in the kingdom, and now fast hastening to decay (as we can testify from our own observation), we fervently hope that the appeal of the committee will be promptly and liberally responded to by all classes of the community.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Art-Union of London, an institution which has latterly attracted particular attention, in consequence of the proceedings adopted by Government for the suppression of all institutions based upon the principle on which it was established, was held on Tuesday, the 13th instant, by permission of Mr. Bunn, in the Theatre Royal Drury Lane; the attendance was numerous. The Duke of Cambridge was called to the chair, and, in his opening address, stated that the number of subscribers had increased from 7,000 to 14,000. A very interesting report was then read by Mr. Godwin, the honorary secretary. It stated that since 1837 the Art-Union had expended 36,000*l.* in the purchase and preparation of works of art, and that they had correspondents in every quarter of the globe. We make the following selections from the report:—

"The number of works of art selected by the prizeholders last year was 236, including two pieces of sculpture. They were exhibited for three weeks to the subscribers and their friends in the Suffolk-street gallery, by permission of the Society of British Artists, and for one week gratuitously to the public, without any limitation or restriction. It is estimated that in the whole nearly 200,000 persons visited this exhibition. Since the date of the last general meeting the print due to the subscribers of 1843, *Raffaello and the Fornarina*, engraved after Sir Augustus Calcott, by Mr. Lumb Stocks, has been distributed. At the same time the outlines in illustration of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, engraved after Mr. Seious by Mr. Henry Moses, were distributed to the subscribers of the current year. The engraving after Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. by Mr. Goodall, *The Castle of Ischia*, due to the subscribers of the current year (1844), in addition to the outlines, is in a forward state. The fact that two such works as these (either of which, under ordinary circumstances, would cost a guinea or more, can be produced for every subscriber of that sum, and still leave the greater part of the aggregate amount for the purchase of paintings and sculpture, affords an extraordinary instance of the results of co-operation. Every subscriber for 1845 will receive an impression of a line engraving, after Mr. Mulready, R.A. by Mr. G. T. Doo, *The Convalescent*, which is far advanced towards completion. In order to insure a good subject for engraving hereafter, and to induce the production of a superior work of art, your committee are about to offer the sum of 500*l.* under conditions which will be advertised, for an original picture illustrative of English history. They propose that cartoons, the size of the picture, shall be sent in by the 1st of January, 1845, from which the selection shall be made; and that the artist shall undertake to complete the finished painting within twelve months after the decision. Since the last meeting more than 60,000 letters and circulars have been issued by post, 15,000 copies of last year's report, 50,000 prospectuses and almanacs, and 10,000 catalogues of the prizes

have been distributed. For the print of *Una*, 12,000 sheets of paper were required, for that of *Raffaello and the Fornarina* nearly the same number, and for the designs in outline 330,000 sheets. The amount set apart, according to the foregoing statement, for the purchase of works of art, viz. 8,590*l.* will be allotted as follows:—50 works of art, of the value of 10*l.* each, 500*l.*; 36 works of art, of the value of 15*l.* each, 540*l.*; 42 works of art, of the value of 20*l.* each, 840*l.*; 28 works of art, of the value of 25*l.* each, 700*l.*; 25 works of art, of the value of 30*l.* each, 750*l.*; 20 works of art, of the value of 40*l.* each, 800*l.*; 14 works of art, of the value of 50*l.* each, 700*l.*; 12 works of art, of the value of 60*l.* each, 720*l.*; eight works of art, of the value of 70*l.* each, 560*l.*; six works of art, of the value of 80*l.* each, 480*l.*; six works of art, of the value of 100*l.* each, 600*l.*; two works of art, of the value of 150*l.* each, 300*l.*; two works of art, of the value of 200*l.* each, 400*l.*; one work of art, of the value of 300*l.*; one work of art, of the value of 400*l.* To these are to be added 30 bronzes of the *Bust of Hebe*, making in the whole 283 works of art."

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

SKETCHES BY H. B.—"The inexhaustible talent of this celebrated artist has produced five new sketches, which have just been published by Mr. M'Lean, of the Haymarket. The first of them is No. 812 of the long series by which the public have been delighted and edified, and represents a scene in Shakspeare compressed, in which Mr. D'Israeli appears as Shylock, and Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Cobden, in the subordinate parts. The likenesses, with the exception of Mr. D'Israeli's, as in all this artist's productions, are admirable, and the character of the *dramatis personæ* is very cleverly preserved. No. 813 is called 'The Treaty between the Sheep and the Wolves,' and illustrates the late strange connection between Messrs. Labouchere, Shiel, and Duncombe, Lords J. Russell, Palmerston, and Sandon, and Sir Howard Douglas, on the sugar question, against Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. The likenesses here are good, and the group is tolerably spirited. No. 814, 'Not altogether out of Place,' represents Messrs. Bothwick and D'Israeli in no pleasant mood, whilst Lord Brougham expresses some doubt as to those by whom he has been discharged from his last situation giving him such a character as may procure him another. In this sketch the likenesses are remarkably well preserved; those of Mr. D'Israeli and Lord Brougham are excellent. No. 815 is the most humorous of the lot. Lord Lyndhurst is represented as Captain Macheath in the *Beggars' Opera*. He is toying with Polly, Lord Brougham, whilst Lucy, Lord Cottenham, wipes her eyes with a handkerchief on which is inscribed 'Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.' The last, No. 816, 'Galileo and the Inquisition,' shews O'Connell as Galileo looking through the bars of the Inquisition. Sir J. Graham and Sir R. Peel are habited as inquisitors, and appear to be deaf to his appeal for his liberty. This is perhaps the worst of the five sketches; it appears more tame than the artist's usual drawing, and wants point. Three, at least, of the others, however, are admirable."

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

TO —

Believest thou the tale, lady,
That is told in ancient song,
Of the gorgeous days of chivalry,
When Beauty's power was strong,
And Love, blythe boy!
With frolic joy
Control'd the happy sons of earth
With his light sceptre from their birth?
In this cold, loveless age, lady,
I scarcely dare to deem
Such lays of changeless fealty
As aught but passion's dream;
A golden thought,
By poets wrought
In those bright hours when mem'ry sleeps,
And Fancy, freed, her vigil keeps—
Bethink thee, could the wings, lady,
Of Time retrace their flight;
Wert thou some peerless damsel,
And I a belted knight,
With dauntless will
And warrior's skill,

And tenderness that faileth not—
And nought but these to bless my lot—
Could'st thou forsake these halls, lady,
And minstrel's flattering lays,
To cheer thy lover's hour of gloom,
And blush to hear his praise?
Couldst thou despise
The hundred eyes
That trace thee on thy glitt'ring path
For one such glance as true love hath?
Couldst thou go forth with me, lady,
And leave this gilded pride,
To wile away life's fleeting day,
Whilst braving, side by side,
Its hopes and fears,
Its smiles and tears;
Nor care what fate we chanced upon,
So only thine and mine were one?
And when the stars look'd forth, lady,
And the weary day was o'er,
Couldst thou, in moon-lit forest-glade
Or by the pebbly shore,
More closely press'd
To this fond breast,
Own that the world no cloud can fling
O'er the pure joys such love doth bring?
There's scorn upon your brow, lady;
There's laughter in your eyes;
You feel such toil-won happiness
Your soul could never prize;
You deem Love's hall
A crowded ball—
And joy to gather in your train
A host of slaves who sigh in vain.
And yet thy glance is soft, lady—
Thy voice is low and sweet;
And in that form of symmetry
A thousand graces meet.
Ah, woe is me!
'Tis sad to see
That nature should have used such art
To deck a girl so cold of heart.

E.

GLEANINGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

DR. WOLFF'S IMPRISONMENT AT BOKHARA.

By a paragraph in the morning papers of the 28th inst. we learn, with sincere regret, and not without apprehensions for his safety, that this humane and zealous missionary has been imprisoned by the cruel and murderous Khan of Bokhara; and that it is not likely he will be speedily released. The paragraph in *The Times* gives the following particulars of the Doctor's position, &c. :—

"The last letter written by Dr. Wolff while at liberty, was written at Bokhara on the 16th of April, before he entered the city. He had no writing paper, and this letter is written on scraps torn from his memorandum book. He is surrounded by people of Bokhara, Kokan, and Tashkand, and, therefore, says his information may be depended upon. He trembles somewhat for Stoddart and Conolly, for they are not seen at Bokhara; and the person alluded to in M. de Giers's despatch he has ascertained to be a Persian, and the European young man with him is an Italian watchmaker, named Giovanni. However, he says, 'nobody has witnessed the execution of Stoddart and Conolly, whilst Youssuf Khan, &c. were publicly executed. The Khaleefa (holy man) of Mero tells me positively that Stoddart was alive. . . . I do not feel much apprehension for my own safety, but should I be detained, pray get the Queen herself to write a letter to the Umeer, for he felt deeply offended that the letter which he wrote by Stoddart to the Queen was answered by the Governor-General of India. Get also the Emperor of Russia to write. Whatever happens, pray take it as coming from the Lord. Did not our Lord suffer?' The man sent by the Assef-ood-Dowlah to command the escort which was to protect him against the Turcomans, turned out a great scoundrel, and the doctor was obliged to appeal to the Turcomans for protection against his escort. Between them, however, the poor doctor was plundered of every thing, and on entering the city he was deserted by all, except one man named Hussein, and he was looked upon as a man whose doom was sealed. When, however, the king ordered Nayeib to receive him into his house the scene changed, and all predicted that danger

was over. He was introduced to the king, kindly received, and he plainly told the object of his visit. The following day the king's chamberlain, accompanied by the commandant of the arsenal, ordered him to write in their presence the letter in which the king declares that he put Stoddart and Conolly to death in June 1843; and of this letter he had to make a translation in Persian. He was then told that he was free to depart. The letter having been despatched to Captain Grover, the doctor received an intimation that he would be detained. Having a slight fever he wished to be bled; this being communicated to the king, the permission was refused, the king saying that bleeding was not good for him. Dr. Wolff had recovered Colonel Stoddart's 'official seal.' The doctor writes: 'Pray for me, and thank God with me that he hath hitherto helped me.' At first he wore his clergyman's robes, and rode about the town unattended, which, he says, the Russian ambassador, who had just left, was not allowed to do. In another letter, he says he has adopted the Bokhara dress, but does not say whether this was done from choice. On the 8th of June, he writes two letters to Colonel Shiel, in which he says that, in spite of all the promises of the king, he is now a prisoner at Bokhara, and that he has not the least hope of being soon released."

THE SUSSEX LIBRARY.—On Saturday, the 17th ult. concluded the sale of the third part of the library of the late Duke of Sussex, and it closed with the large sum of 168*l.* the price given for (lot 1,523) "The Ordnance Town Land Survey of Twenty-seven Counties of Ireland," made by order and at the expense of Government, on a scale of six inches to a mile, 27 vols. in 28, imperial folio, splendidly bound in blue morocco, gilt leaves. The following are a few of the higher sums fetched by various lots during the two concluding days of this interesting sale:—(1,170) "Nichols's Bibliotheca Topographica, with the supplement, 10 vols. extremely rare, plates, in russia, leaves gilt at the top and front sides, 1780-90, &c. 58*l.* (1,178) "O'Connor, Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres," 4 vols. privately printed at the expense of the late Duke of Buckingham, large paper, rare, Buckingham, 1814-26, 34*l.* (1,240) "Pennant's History of London," 6 vols. printed on imperial folio paper, and illustrated with a most extensive series of portraits, views, and plates, in russia, gilt leaves, 1793, 54*l.* (1,255) "Prynne's Collection of English Records," 3 vols. excessively rare, with the two frontispieces, fine copy, from Sir M. M. Sykes's library, bound in russia, 1666, 1665, and 1670. [This is one of the rarest and most important works appertaining to English history. On a flyleaf at the commencement of vol. 2 is the following autograph note of the celebrated collector, West:—"Dr. Rawlinson told me there were only 23 copies of this volume remaining in England, the rest having been burnt with Radcliffe's warehouses in the fire of London." This note is misplaced by the binder, I presume. It was the first volume which was destroyed, except 23 copies, in the great fire of London.]—155*l.* Such are a few of the highest prices. The produce of the whole of the third part of this extensive and valuable library is 2,093*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; that of the first (theological) part, 8,417*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and that of the second part (manuscripts), 3,153*l.* 1*s.* Thus the grand total is 13,664*l.* 9*s.*

PERIODICAL METEORS.—The annual return of the meteors of the 10th of August has this year excited a more than usual interest. Preparations for noting them having been made, they were accurately observed in Belgium by the astronomers, M. Quetelet, Dr. Forster, and others. On the night of the 9th, between 9 and 11 o'clock, only seventeen of these falling stars were observed; but on the 10th (the regular period of their return) Dr. Forster found that the number of those which crossed the western hemisphere alone amounted to rather more than seventy per hour. Some were exceedingly brilliant, and variously coloured, whilst others left long trains of light in their track. What was most remarkable was their evident tendency to a converging point in the heavens, very near to Antares, in the heart of the Scorpion. Indeed, hardly any exceptions appeared to this rule; and yet they commenced from every quarter, a circumstance that will be very interesting to astronomers in distant parts. One of the most brilliant of these meteors appeared at 35 minutes past 10, mean time, at Bruges, and it crossed the zenith, or nearly so, not far from the first star of the Harp, descending towards the horizon in a direction W.S.W. Besides the ordinary meteors, Dr. Forster observed some remarkable white lines, apparently electric, which seemed as if drawn along the sky momentarily, and which had also a direction towards W.S.W. Observers will now wait anxiously for the 12th and 13th of November, which is the next period of the meteors.—*Galignani.*

FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—M. Victor Mauvais made a communication respecting the new comet which had been discovered by him. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather for several nights past, the astronomers of the Royal Observatory have been able to take five distinct observations. It appears from them that the comet is distant from the sun

nearly twice the distance of the earth from that luminary, but that when it shall have arrived at its perihelion it will be less distant from the sun by about one-fourth than the distance between the sun and the earth. Before reaching this point, however, the comet will traverse, on the 24th of September next, the plane of the ecliptic; it will then pass within the earth's orbit at the short distance of only 14-10ths. If, therefore, says M. Mauvais, the earth were at that moment to be in the portion of the orbit to be traversed by the comet, there would be a frightful shock; but, fortunately, the earth will be at a distance of 146 degrees, and, therefore, we have nothing to fear. A report was read by Col. Plobert, on the plan proposed by M. Sermet de Tournefort, for convergent axes for railroad carriages. The object of the system is to secure the safety of the carriage in the event of any derangement of the curves. The report was very favourable to the inventor. A paper was received from M. Montagne on the cause of the colour of the Red Sea. He attributes it to a microscopic weed in great abundance on the surface of the sea. A paper was received from M. Chevandier on the growth of forest trees. Amongst other curious things in this paper, he states that a fir growing in marshy lands will, in 100 years, weigh 100 kilogrammes. In a very dry soil it will, in the same period, acquire a weight of 300 kilos., and in a favourable soil, visited from time to time by refreshing showers, it will, in 100 years, attain the weight of 2,000 kilos.

THE TELEPHONE, BY CAPT. JOHN TAYLOR.—The chief object of this powerful wind-instrument is for conveying signals during foggy weather, by sounds produced by means of compressed air forced through trumpets, audible at six miles' distance. The four notes are played by opening the valves of the recipient, and the intensity of sound is proportioned to the compression of the internal air. The small-sized telephone instrument, which is portable, was tried on the river, and the signal notes were distinctly heard four miles off.

USE OF THE FLESH-BRUSH.—How many are they who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add ten years to their comfortable existence, if they would employ one of them to curry themselves with a flesh-brush night and morning!—*Sinclair's Code of Health.*

LIVELY RESIDENCE.—There are, at all the stations on the Ayrshire railway, shifts or switches placed between two rails for the purpose of removing the carriages from one rail to the other. Under the shift of the Lochwinnoch station, a bird of the "wag-tail" species has built a nest, and is now sitting on five eggs, although there is scarcely an hour in the day that there is not a train passing over it, and the wheels of the engine and carriages running within two or three inches of the resting-place of the little bird. It goes in and out as fearlessly as if it were out of the reach of danger.

A person advertising for a situation in the *Times* says, "Any kind of employment willingly accepted, from teaching mathematics to drawing a truck."

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

ONE of the most marked and interesting features of the times is the daily increasing demand for cheap works; and the result of the attempts now making by some of the publishers to supply this demand will soon unequivocally shew whether it is not the interest of the entire trade that they should strive to foster by this means the reading propensities of the middle and lower classes of society. Murray's valuable series, *The Colonial and Home Library*, Knight's instructive *Weekly Volumes*, Parker's *Popular Collection*, Chambers's *Information for the People*, &c. are daily finding new channels for the fertilizing current of knowledge. Now that really sound and valuable books may be obtained at so small a cost, we think it would be well for the interests of the rising generation if the managers of parochial schools would adopt extensively a system of rewards for diligence, talent, and good behaviour, consisting of works of general literature judiciously selected with the twofold view of awaking the interest of the pupil at the same time as they cultivate his understanding.

Let every one who has the welfare of his country at heart remember that, in a few years, all will be able to read, and that if there are not ample opportunities afforded for the perusal of works which will elevate the moral and intellectual character, works which debase will assuredly be abundant as motes in the sunbeam.